







*Gov. Safford*  
17th







T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. III.

THE

NEW YORK

1857

THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD,

CONTAINING,

MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.  
MERCHANT of VENICE.  
AS YOU LIKE IT.  
TAMING THE SHREW.

L O N D O N :

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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.

• VOL. III.

B

Per-

## Persons Represented.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lyfander, *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*

Philoftrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Taylor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

### *Attendants.*

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustard-seed,

} *Fairies.*

Pyramus,

Thisbe,

Wall,

Moonshine,

Lyon,

} *Characters in the Interlude performed by  
the Clowns.*

*Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.*

SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Duke's<sup>1</sup> Palace in Athens.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace : four happy days bring in  
Another moon : but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,

<sup>1</sup> It is probable that the hint for this play was received from Chaucer's Knight's Tale : thence it is, that our author speaks of Theseus as duke of Athens. The Tale begins thus :

“ Whylome as olde stories tellin us,

“ There was a *Duke* that highte Theseus,

“ Of Athens he was lord and governour, &c.”

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his Translation of the Tragedies of John Bochas, calls him the same. chap. xii. l. 21.

“ *Duke* Theseus had the victorie.”

Creon, in the tragedy of Jocasta, translated from Euripides in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*.

So Skelton,

“ Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,

“ Nor lyke *Duke* Afruball.”

And Stanyhurst, in his Translation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke Æneas*.

The Pastorals of Drayton, quoted in the notes, were printed in 1593.

STEEVENS.

4 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.<sup>2</sup>

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
night ;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,  
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments :  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth ;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword ;  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries ;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus : what's the news with  
thee ?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
Stand forth, Demetrius :—My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious duke,  
This man hath<sup>3</sup> witch'd the bosom of my child :  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :

<sup>2</sup> *Long WITHERING OUT a young man's revenue.*] *Long withering out* is, certainly, not good English. I rather think Shakespeare wrote, *Long WINTERING ON a young man's revenue.*

WARBURTON.

That the common reading is not good English, I cannot perceive, and therefore find in myself no temptation to change it.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies read *bewitch'd*. JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;  
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy.  
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds<sup>4</sup>, conceits,  
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messengers  
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :  
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
 To stubborn harshness :—And, my gracious duke,  
 Be it so, she will not here before your Grace  
 Consent to marry with Demetrius ;  
 I beg the antient privilege of Athens,  
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her :  
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
 Or to her death, according to our law,<sup>5</sup>  
 Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid.  
 To you your father should be as a God,<sup>6</sup>

One

<sup>4</sup> —gawds,—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently : See King John, act 3. sc. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Or to her death, according to our law.] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> To you your father should be as a God,  
 One, who compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one,  
 To whom you are but as a form in wax  
 By him imprinted ; and within his power  
 To LEAVE the figure or disfigure it.]

We should read,

To 'LEVE the figure, &c.

i. e. *releve*, to heighten or add to the beauty of the figure, which is said to be imprinted by him. 'Tis from the French, *relever*. Thus they say, *Tapisseries relevées d'or*. In the same sense they use *enlever*, which Maundeville makes English of in this manner—*And alle the wales withinne ben covered with gold and silver, in syn plates : and in the plates ben stories and batayles of knyghtes* ENLEVED.



6 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

One, that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one,  
To whom you are but as a form in wax  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lyfander.

*The.* In himself he is :

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment  
look.

*Her.* I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:  
I know not, by what power I am made bold ;  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts .  
But, I beseech your Grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death,<sup>7</sup> or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires ;  
<sup>8</sup> Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

p. 228. Rabelais, with a strain of buffoon humour, that equals the sober elegance of this passage in our poet, calls the small gentry of France, *Gentilhommes de bas relief*. WARBURTON.

I know not why so harsh a word should be admitted with so little need, a word that, spoken, could not be understood, and of which no example can be shown. The sense is plain, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —to die the death,—] Shakespeare employs this scriptural expression in King John ; and I meet with it again in the second part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601.

“ We will, my liege, else let us *die the death*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Know of your youth,*] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

Whe-

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
 You can endure the livery of a nun;  
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
 To live a barren sister all your life,  
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon?  
 Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!  
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,<sup>9</sup>  
 Than that, which withering on the virgin-thorn,  
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die my lord,  
 Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up  
 Unto his lordship, ' to whose unwish'd yoke  
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause: and, by the next new  
 moon,  
 (The sealing day betwixt my love and me,  
 For everlasting bond of fellowship)  
 Upon that day either prepare to die,  
 For disobedience to your father's will;  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
 For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lyfander,  
 yield  
 Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lyf.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
 Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lyfander! true, he hath my love;  
 And what is mine, my love shall render him:

<sup>9</sup> *But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd.*] Thus all the copies,  
 yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy* for *happier*  
*earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual; that I wonder none of the  
 editors have propos'd *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*.

STEEVENS.

' ' —to whose unwish'd yoke ] Thus the modern editors; the  
 particle *to* is wanting in the old copies. STEEVENS.

## 8 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And she is mine ; and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd : my love is more than his :  
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius's :  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right ?

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena ;

And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, doats,

Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man. <sup>2</sup>

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;

But being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;

And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me ;

I have some private schooling for you both.—

For you, fair Hermia, look, you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will ;

Or else the law of Athens yields you up

( Which by no means we may extenuate )

To death, or to a vow of single life —

—Come, my Hippolita ; what cheer, my love ?—

—Demetrius, and Egeus, go along ;

I must employ you in some business

Against our nuptial, and confer with you

Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt Theſ. Hip. Egeus, Dem. and train.*]

*Lys.* How now, my love ? why is your cheek so pale ?

<sup>2</sup>. *Spotted.*] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked.

JOHNSON.

How



How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain; which I could well  
<sup>3</sup> Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me, <sup>4</sup> for aught that ever I could read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

But, either it was different in blood,—

*Her.* O crows!—too high to be enthral'd to low!—<sup>5</sup>

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

*Her.* O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

*Her.* O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
 Making it <sup>6</sup> momentany as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

<sup>3</sup> *Beteem them*—] give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

The word is used by yet later writers. I meet with it in *The Case is alter'd, How?* a dramatic dialogue, 1653.—“I could  
 “*beteem* her a better match.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Too high to be inthrall'd to love.*] This reading possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* displeas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniencies that generally attend the passion: either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by *Lysander*; and *Hermia*, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say;

*O crows!—too high to be inthrall'd to low!*

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers.

THEOBALD.

Sir T. H. adheres to the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> The old editions read *momentany*, which is the old and proper word. The modern editors, *momentary*. JOHNSON.

Brief

# 10 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,<sup>7</sup>  
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say, *Behold!*  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
So quick bright things come to confusion.—

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross,  
It stands as an edict in destiny :  
Then, let us teach our tryal patience :  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers !

*Lys.* A good persuasion ;—therefore hear me,  
Hermia.

<sup>8</sup> I have a widow aunt, a dowager,  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :

From

<sup>7</sup> *Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.]*

Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakespeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—in a trice, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*; so just the contrary, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, he uses *sudden* for *spleenatic*—*sudden quips*. And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

*Brief as the lightning in the collied night,]* *collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties.

So in Ben Jonson's Poetaster :

“ —Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I have a widow aunt, &c.]* These lines perhaps might more properly be regulated thus :

I

*I have*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 11

From Athens is her house remote <sup>9</sup> seven leagues,  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And, in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander,  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, <sup>1</sup>

By

*I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child,  
And she respects me as her only son;  
Her house from Athens is remov'd seven leagues,  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,  
And to that place——* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —remote,—] Remote is the reading of both the quarto's; the folio reads, —remov'd. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Lys. —If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house, &c.

Her. My good Lysander,  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By, &c. &c.

*In that same place thou hast appointed me  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.]*

Lysander does but just propose her running away from her father at midnight, and straight she is at her oaths that she will meet him at the place of rendezvous. Not one doubt or hesitation, not one condition of assurance for Lysander's constancy. Either she was nauseously coming; or she had before jilted him; and he could not believe her without a thousand oaths. But Shakespeare observed nature at another rate.—The speeches are divided wrong, and must be thus rectified; when Lysander had proposed her running away with him, she replies,

Her. My good Lysander——

and is going on, to ask security for his fidelity. This he perceives, and interrupts her with the grant of what she demands.

Lys.

12 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

By his best arrow with the golden head,  
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
 By that, which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;  
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;  
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
 In number more than ever women spoke ;  
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lyf.* Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter Helena.*

*Her.* God speed, fair Helena ! Whither away ?

*Hel.* Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves <sup>2</sup> you, fair ; O happy fair !

Your eyes are <sup>3</sup> lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air  
 More

*Lyf.* I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, &c.  
 By all the vows that ever men have broke  
 In number more than ever woman spoke——

Here she interrupts him in her turn ; declares herself satisfied, and consents to meet him in the following words,

*Her.* — *In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.*

This division of the lines, besides preserving the character, gives the dialogue infinitely more force and spirit. *WARBURTON.*

This emendation is judicious, but not necessary. I have therefore given the note without altering the text. The censure of men, as oftner perjured than women, seems to make that line more proper for the lady. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>2</sup> The quarto reads—*your fair.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>3</sup> *Your eyes are lode-star .]* This was a complement not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode star is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *Lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro* :

*Tow'rs and battlements he sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.*

Davies



More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.  
 Sickness is catching : O, were favour so !  
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ; <sup>4</sup>  
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye ;  
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,  
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
 O teach me, how you look ; and with what art  
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles  
 such skill !

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* Oh, that my prayers could such affection move !

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* <sup>5</sup> His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty ; would that fault  
 were mine !

*Her.* Take comfort ; he no more shall see my face ;  
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.  
 Before the time I did Lysander see, <sup>6</sup>  
 Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me.

Davies calls Elizabeth, *lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-stone* to all eyes. JOHNSON.

In Hall's Chronicle, Henry V. promises his friends to be their  
 " guide, *lode-man*, and conductor." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The  
 old reading is, *Your words I'd catch.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> The folio and one of the quarto's read, *His folly, Helena,*  
*is none of mine.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these  
 lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all ap-  
 pearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to con-  
 sider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied  
 or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it  
 in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the  
 loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

O then

14 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell ?

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;  
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;  
(A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)  
Through Athens' gate have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet; <sup>7</sup>  
There, my Lysander and myself shall meet:  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewel, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

<sup>7</sup> *Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes.  
To seek new friends, and strange companions.]*

This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors: I have therefore ventured to restore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *antithesis* to *emptying*: and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the *substantive* *Stranger* *adjectively*; and *companies*, to signify *companions*: as Rich. II. act I.

*To tread the stranger paths of banishment.*

And Hen. V.

*His Companies unletter'd, rude and shallow.* THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps justifiably. Shakespeare is sometimes negligent in these small matters; and a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Keep

Keep word, Lyfander:—we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit *Hermia*.

*Lyf.* I will, my *Hermia*—*Helena*, adieu;  
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [Exit *Lyf.*

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:

He will not know; what all, but he, do know.

And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* eyes.

So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no<sup>s</sup> quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity:

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;

Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;

And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys themselves in<sup>o</sup> game forswear,

So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,<sup>1</sup>

He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

<sup>s</sup> *no quantity*] *quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than quantity, but either may serve. JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> *In game*] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but sport, jest. So Spenser,

'*Twixt earnest and 'twixt game.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser.

Chaucer, Priere's Prologue, 153;

—— "hir eyen gray as glas."

Spenser, F. Q. b. i. c. 4. st. 9.

"While flashing beams do dare his feeble eyen."

STEEVENS.

And

# 16 A MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.

And when this hail <sup>1</sup> some heat from Hermia feel,  
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :  
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
 To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

### A COTTAGE.

*Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the tinker, and Starveling the taylor.* <sup>2</sup>

*Quin.* Is all your company here ?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip. <sup>3</sup>

*Quin.* Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in

<sup>1</sup> —*this hail*] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this hail*, *his bail*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> In this scene Shakespeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe and the Lyon at the same time. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *the scrip.*] *A scrip*, Fr. *script*, now written *ecrit*.

So Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 2. 1130.

“ *Scripe* nor bil.”

STEEVENS.

our



our interlude before the duke and dutchefs, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so <sup>4</sup> grow on to a point.

*Quin.* Marry our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;—yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant! I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: <sup>5</sup> To make all split—

“ The

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Warburton read *go on*; but *grow* is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads—*grow to a point.* STEEVENS.

*And so grow on to a point.*] The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a point, a substantive, I would read *appoint*, a verb, that is, *appoint* what parts each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act. WARNER.

<sup>5</sup> *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.*] We should read,

*A part to tear a cat in.*

for as a ranting whore was called a *tear-sheet*, [2d Part of Hen. IV.] so a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap*. For this reason it is,

" The raging rocks,  
 " And shivering shocks  
 " Shall break the locks  
 " Of prison-gates :  
 " And Phibbus' carr  
 " Shall shine from far,  
 " And make and mar  
 " The foolish fates."

This was lofty ! Now name the rest of the players. This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby, a wandering knight ?

*Quin.* It is the lady, that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one, you shall play it in a masque ; and you may speak as small as you will. <sup>6</sup>

*Bot.*

the poet makes *bully Bottom*, as he is called afterwards, wish for *a part to tear a cap in*. And in the antient plays, the bombast and the rant held the place of the sublime and pathetic : and indeed constituted the very essence of their *tragical farces*. Thus *Bale* in his *Acts of English Votaries*, part 2d, says—*grennyng like termagantes in a play*. WARBURTON.

In the old comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says, I am called, by those who have "seen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Histrionomastix*, or *the Player whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says, "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a "stage, &c." Again,

In *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606. "I had "rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* "thunderclaps." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the

# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 19

*Bot.* An' I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thisne*, *Thisne*: ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

*Quin.* No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and, Flute, you, *Thisby*.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the taylor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisby's* mother.<sup>7</sup>

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

*Snow.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and I hope there is a play fitted.<sup>8</sup>

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's *Memoirs of the Playhouse*, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability, JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —you must play *Thisby's* mother.] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of *Thisby*, and the father of *Pyramus*, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> there is a play fitted.] Both the quarto's read *here*.

STEEVENS.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *let him roar again, let him roar again.*

*Quin.* If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother's ſon.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us : but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a ſweet-fac'd man ; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's-day ; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man ; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in ?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-coloured beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-coloured beard ; your perfect yellow.<sup>8</sup>

*Quin.*<sup>9</sup> Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile

<sup>8</sup> Here Bottom again diſcovers a true genius for the ſtage by his ſolicitude for propriety of dreſs, and his deliberation which beard to chuſe among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

This cuſtom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Measure for Measure*, act iv. ſc. 2.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the laſt ſtages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has frequent alluſions. STEEVENS.



without the town, by moon light : there we will rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, <sup>1</sup> such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. <sup>2</sup>—

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### A WOOD.

*Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.*

Puck.

**H**OW now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale, <sup>3</sup>  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over

<sup>1</sup> *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *At the duke's oak we meet*—hold, or cut bow-strings.] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia foldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow string held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut or fretted*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Over hill, over dale, &c.*] So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy*,

## 22 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs <sup>4</sup> upon the green;  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be; <sup>5</sup>  
<sup>6</sup> In their gold coats spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours:  
In those freckles live their favours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewel, thou <sup>7</sup> lob of spirits, I'll be gone;  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Thorough brake, thorough brier,  
Thorough muck, thorough mire,  
Thorough water, thorough fire.* JOHNSON.

This poem of Drayton's was printed in 1593. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To dew her orbs upon the green*] For *orbs* Dr. Gray is inclined to substitute *herbs*. The orbs here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the Fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them.

*They in their courses make that round,  
In meadows and in marshes found,  
Of them so called the fairy ground.* DRAYTON.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> The cowslip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in Drayton of their attention to May morning.

— *For the queen a sitting tow'r,  
Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flow'r.—  
In all your train there's not a fay  
That ever went to gather May,  
But she hath made it in her way,  
The tallest there that groweth.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *In their gold coats, spots you see, &c.*] Shakespeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots.

*A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson drops  
I th' bottom of a cowslip.* PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> — *Lob of spirits.*] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind. JOHNSON.

*Puck,*

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;  
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;  
She never had so sweet a changeling ;<sup>8</sup>  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;  
But she per-force, with-holds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.  
And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,<sup>9</sup>  
But they do square<sup>1</sup> ; that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,  
Call'd *Robin-good-fellow*<sup>3</sup>. Are you not he,  
That fright the maidens of the villag'ry ;

Skim

<sup>8</sup> —*Changeling*.] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*Shewn*.] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *But they do square*.] To *square* here is to quarrel.

*And now you are such fools to square for this?* GRAY.

The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Robin-good-fellow* ;] This account of Robin-good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harfener's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 135 : “ And if that the bowle of curds and creame  
“ were not duly set out for Robin-good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse  
“ the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next  
“ day in the pot, or the cheefes would not curdle, or the butter  
“ would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have got  
“ head. But if a pater-noster, or an housle-egge were returned,  
“ or a patch of tythe unpaid—then beware of bull-beggars, spi-  
“ rits, &c.” He is mentioned by Cartwright as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestick peace and economy.

*Saint Francis and Saint Benedight  
Blesse this house from wicked wight ;*

24 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,<sup>4</sup>  
 And bootless make the breathless hufwife churn:  
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;<sup>5</sup>  
 Mis-lead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,<sup>6</sup>  
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

Are

*From the night-mare and the goblin,  
 That is hight good-fellow Robin.  
 Keep it, &c.*

Cartwright's Ordinary, act iii. sc. i. v. 8.

WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicksome spirit, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. "Your grandames, maids, were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
 And bootless make the breathless hufwife churn.]*

The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he*, says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effort?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus;

*And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn  
 Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.*

Or by a simple transposition of the lines;

*And bootless, make the breathless housewife churn  
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.*

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Barme*, a name for *yeast*, yet used in the midland counties. So in *Mother Bombie*, a Comedy, 1594: "It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeast."

Again in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, of B. and Fletcher:

"I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
 You do their work.]*

To those traditional opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*,

*Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, —  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;*

*She*



Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright; <sup>7</sup>  
 I am that merry wanderer of the night:  
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:  
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

*She was pinch'd and pull'd she said,  
 And he by Frier's lantern led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night ere glimpse of morn  
 His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn  
 Which ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend.*

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton,

*He meeteth Puck, which most men call  
 Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.—  
 This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,  
 Still walking like a ragged colt,  
 And oft out of a bed doth bolt,  
 Of purpose to deceive us;  
 And leading us makes us to stray,  
 Long winter's nights out of the way,  
 And when we sick in mire and clay,  
 He doth with laughter leave us.*

It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakespeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Puck.* Thou speak'st aright.] I have filled up the verse which I suppose the author left complete,

It seems that in the Fairy mythology Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakespeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

In

In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
 And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough:<sup>8</sup>  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and loose,  
<sup>9</sup> And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,  
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
 But <sup>1</sup> room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress.—Would that we were gone!

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Oberon, king of Fairies, at one door with his train,  
 and the queen at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Queen.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence;  
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Ob.* Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

*Queen.* Then I must be thy lady; but I know,  
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
 And in the shape of Corin fate all day,  
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
 Come from the further steep of India?  
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

<sup>8</sup> *And tailor cries]* The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *And waxen.]* And *encrease*, as the *moon waxes*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> All the old copies read—*But room Fairy*. The word Fairy or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser.

JOHNSON.

Your

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded : and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Ob.* How can'st thou thus for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolita ;  
Knowing, I know thy love to Theseus ?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering  
night <sup>2</sup>

From Periguné, whom he ravished ; <sup>3</sup>  
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

*Queen.* These are the forgeries of jealousy :  
And never, since the middle summer's spring, <sup>4</sup>  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By

<sup>2</sup> *Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night.]* We  
should read,

*Didst thou not lead him glimmering through the night.*

The meaning is, She conducted him in the appearance of fire  
through the dark night. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *From Perigenia, whom he ravished:]* Thus all the editors ;  
but our author, who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd  
from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life  
of Theseus, that her name was Perigyne, (or Perigune) by whom  
Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sin-  
nis, a cruel robber, and tormentor of passengers in the Isthmus.  
Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of  
Theseus ravishing her. THEOBALD.

Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiopa were all at different times mis-  
tresses to Theseus. See Plutarch. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And never since the middle summer's spring, &c.]* There are  
not many passages in Shakespeare which one can be certain he  
has borrowed from the ancients ; but this is one of the few that,  
I think, will admit of no dispute. Our author's admirable descrip-  
tion of the miseries of the country being plainly an imitation of  
that which Ovid draws, as consequent on the grief of Ceres, for  
the loss of her daughter.

*Nescit adhuc ubi sit : terras tamen increpat omnes :*

*Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.*

— *Ergo illic sæva vertentia glebas*

*Fregit aratra manu parilique irata colonos*

*Ru-*

By paved fountain, or by rusky brook,<sup>5</sup>  
 Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,<sup>6</sup>  
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,  
 Have every<sup>7</sup> pelting river made so proud,  
 That they have over-born their continents.<sup>8</sup>  
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn

*Ruricolæque boves letto dedit: arvaque jussit  
 Fallere depositum vitiatæque femina fecit.  
 Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem  
 Sparsa jacet. Primis fegetes moriuntur in herbis.  
 Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:  
 Sideraque ventique nocent.*

THE middle summer's spring.] We should read THAT. For it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began.

WARBURTON.

By the middle summer's spring, our author seems to mean the beginning of middle or mid summer. Spring for beginning our author again uses: 2d. P. Hen. IV.

*As flaws congealed in the spring of day.*

which expression has its original from scripture, St. Luke, c. i. v. 78. "whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us."

Ovid had been translated by Golding:—the first four books in 1565, and all the rest, in a few years afterwards. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Paved Fountain.] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —the winds piping] So Milton,

*While rocking winds are piping loud.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —pelting river,] Thus the quarto's: the folio reads *petty*.

Shakespeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despi all, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*, yet it is undoubtedly right. We have *petty pelting officer* in *Measure for Measure*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Overborn their continents.] Born down the banks that contained them. So in *Lear*,

*Close pent guilts*

*Rive their concealing continents.* JOHNSON.

Hath



Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.  
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :  
 The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.  
 The human mortals want their winter here,<sup>2</sup>

No

<sup>1</sup> *The nine-mens morris.*] This was some kind of rural game played in a marked ground. But what it was more I have not found. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The human mortals want their winter HERE*] But sure it was not one of the circumstances of misery, here recapitulated, that the sufferers wanted their *winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical descriptions of the golden age, it was always one circumstance of their happiness that they wanted winter. This is an idle blunder of the editors. Shakespeare without question wrote,

*The human mortals want their winter* HERYED,

i. e. praised, celebrated. The word is obsolete; but used both by Chaucer and Spencer in this signification,

*Tho' wouldest thou learne to CAROLL of love,  
 And HERY with HYMNES thy lass's glowe.*

Spenc. Cal. Feb.

The following line confirms the emendation.

*No night is now with Hymn or Carol blest;*

and the propriety of the sentiment is evident. For the winter is the season of rural rejoicing, as the gloominess of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the *means*. Well therefore might she say, when she had described the dearths of the seasons and fruitless toil of the husbandmen, that

*The human mortals want their winter heryed.*

But, principally, since the coming of Christianity this season, in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *Hymn or Carol blest* certainly alludes. Mr. Theobald says, *he should undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture unto the text, but that Shakespeare seems rather fond of hollow'd. Rather than what? hollowed is not synonymous to heryed but to blest. What was he thinking of? The ambiguity of the English word blest confounded him, which signifies either prais'd or sanctified.*

WARBURTON.

After



No night is now with hymn or carol blest.  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale

After all the endeavours of the editors, this passage still remains to me unintelligible. I cannot see why winter is, in the general confusion of the year now described, more wanted than any other season. Dr. Warburton observes that he alludes to our practice of singing carols in December; but though Shakespeare is no great chronologer in his dramas, I think he has never so mingled true and false religion, as to give us reason for believing that he would make the moon incensed for the omission of our carols. I therefore imagine him to have meant heathen rites of adoration. This is not all the difficulty. Titania's account of this calamity is not sufficiently consequential. *Men find no winter*, therefore they sing no hymns; the moon provoked by this omission, alters the seasons: that is, the alteration of the seasons produces the alteration of the seasons. I am far from supposing that Shakespeare might not sometimes think confusedly, and therefore am not sure that the passage is corrupted. If we should read,

*And human mortals want their wonted year,*

yet will not this licence of alteration much mend the narrative; the cause and the effect are still confounded. Let us carry critical temerity a little further. Scaliger transposed the lines of Virgil's Gallus. Why may not the same experiment be ventured upon Shakespeare.

*The human mortals want their wonted year,  
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mock'ry set. The spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;  
And thorough this distemperature, we see  
That rheumatick diseases do abound.  
And this same progeny of evil comes  
From our debate, from our dissension.*

I know not what credit the reader will give to this emendation, which I do not much credit myself. JOHNSON.

The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the  
time

Pale in her anger washes all the air ;  
 That rheumatick diseases do abound.  
 And, thorough this distemperature, we see  
 The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
 And on old Hyems' chin,<sup>2</sup> and icy crown,  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
 The chiding autumn<sup>3</sup>, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,  
 By their increase, now knows not which is which ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And this same progeny of evils comes  
 From our debate, from our diffension ;  
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.  
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
 To be my henchman.<sup>5</sup>

Queen.

<sup>1</sup>time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —Hyems' chin.] Dr. Gray, not inelegantly conjectures, that the poet wrote,

—“ On old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown.”

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on the chin. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> The chiding autumn,] is the pregnant autumn, frugifer autumnus. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> By their increase.] That is, By their produce. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Henchman.] Page of honour. This office was abolished by queen Elizabeth. GRAY.

The office might be abolished at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called Wit in a Constable, 1637, has this passage :

——“ I will teach his *bench-boys*,

“ Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and save

“ The city all that charges.”

So again,

“ When she was lady may'refs, and you humble

“ As her trim *bench-boys*.”

Again.

*Queen.* Set your heart at rest,  
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
 His mother was a votress of my order,  
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
 Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;  
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood,  
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate,  
 Following, her womb then rich with my young 'squire,<sup>6</sup>  
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,

To

Again, in Ben Jonson's Christmas Masque,—“he said grace as  
 “well as any of the sheriff's *bench-boys*.” STEEVENS.

Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were  
*benxman six enfantis, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the  
 halle, &c.* There was also a *maister of the benxmen, to shewe them  
 the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse;  
 to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as  
 harpinge, pyppinge, finginge, dauncinge, with honest behavioure of  
 temperaunce and palyence.* MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *benchmen* attended with sir  
 Francis Bryan, *maister of the benchmen*.

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. T. T.

<sup>6</sup> Which she with pretty and with swimming gate  
 FOLLOWING (her womb then rich with my young 'squire)  
 Would imitate——]

*Following* what? she did not follow the ship, whose motion she  
 imitated: for that failed on the water, she on the land. If by  
*following*, we are to understand *imitating*, it will be a mere pleo-  
 nasm—*imitating would imitate*. From the poet's description of  
 the actions, it plainly appears we should read,

FOLLYING——

*Would imitate;*

i. e. wantoning in sport and gaiety. Thus the old English writ-  
 ers——and they beleeven FOLYLY and falsly——says sir J. Maun-  
 deville, from and in the sense of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton.  
 This exactly agrees to the action described——*full often has she  
 gossip'd by my side—and—when we have laugh'd to see.*

WARBURTON.

The foregoing note is very ingenious, but since *follying* is a  
 word of which I know not any example, and the Fairy's favour-  
 ite

To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize,  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;  
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Ob.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Queen.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Ob.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Queen.* Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:  
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her train.*]

*Ob.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this  
grove,

'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither; thou remember'st?

Since

rite might, without much licentiousness of language, be said to  
*follow* a ship that sailed in the direction of the coast; I think  
there is no sufficient reason for adopting it. The coinage of new  
words is a violent remedy, not to be used but in the last necessity.

JOHNSON.

7 ————thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres

To hear the sea-maid's musick——]

The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the  
*mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack  
upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant queen  
Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that  
the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And  
if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of sa-  
tire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude, that this person was  
one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak  
openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary  
queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear



# 34 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

*Puck.*

to hear her commended ; and her successor would not forgive her satyrist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust,

——— *Ut iurpiter atrum*

*Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*

for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

——— *on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

*Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,*] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

*That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;*] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean ; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders : and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms.

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres*

*To hear the sea-maid's musick.]*

Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several



*Puck.* I remember.

*Ob.* That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all-arm'd : a certain aim he took,<sup>8</sup>

of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause; This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres* : By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, who fell in her quarrel ; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakespeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*,

*O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.*

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakespeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

—*Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.* WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Cupid* all-armed :—] Surely, this presents us with a very unclassical image. Where do we read or see, in ancient books, or monuments, Cupid armed more than with his bow and arrow ; and with these we for ever see him armed. And these are all the arms he had occasion for in this present action ; a more illustrious one than any, his friends, the classics, ever brought him upon.—The change I make is so small, but the beauty of the thought so great, which this alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For what an addition is this to the compliment made upon this virgin queen's celibacy, that it *alarmed*, the power of love ? as if his empire was in danger, when this *imperial votress* had declared herself for a single life : so powerful would her great example be in the world.—Queen Elizabeth could not but be pleased with our author's address upon this head.

WARBURTON.

*All-armed*, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all-booted*. I am afraid that the general sense of *alarmed*, by which it is used for *put into fear or care by whatever cause*, is later than our authour. JOHNSON.

36 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

At a fair vestal, throned by the west,  
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
 And the imperial votress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,  
 It fell upon a little western flower ;  
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,  
 And maidens call it, love in idleness.<sup>9</sup>  
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;  
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man, or woman, madly doat  
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
 Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,  
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
 In forty minutes. [Exit.]

*Ob.* Having once this juice,

<sup>9</sup> *And maidens call it love in idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in Ovid : With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in the *Taming the Shrew*, Act I. Sc. 4.

But see, while *idly* I stood looking on,  
 I found th' effect of *love in idleness* ;  
 And now in plainness I confess to thee,  
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
 If I atchieve not this young *modest* girl.

And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention that *love in idleness* is a flower. Taylor, the water poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows :

“ When passions are let loose without a bridle,  
 “ Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love in idle*.”

STEEVENS.

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :  
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)  
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love :  
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
 (As I can take it with another herb)  
 I'll make her render up her page to me.  
 But who comes here ? I am invisible ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And I will over-hear their conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?  
 The one I'll slay ; the other slayeth me.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou told'st me, they were stoln into this wood ;  
 And here am I, and wode within this wood ;<sup>3</sup>

Because

<sup>1</sup> ———— *I am invisible.*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering ; they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play ; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors ; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *The one I'll slay : the other slayeth me.*] Thus it has been in all the editions hitherto : but Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw, it must be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *and wode,* ———— ] Wood, or mad, wild, raving. POPE.

We meet with the word in Chaucer, *The Monke's Prologue*, 184,

“ What, should he study, or make himself *wode* ? ”

Spenser also uses it, *Æglogue III. March*,

The elf was sowanton, and so *wode*.

“ The name *Woden*,” says Verstegan in his *Antiquities*, “ signifies fierce or furious, and in like sense we still retain it, saying, when one is in a great rage, that he is *wode*, or taketh on, as if he were *wode*.”

### 38 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel:—Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you,—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more;  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me)  
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege. For that  
It is not night when I do see your face, \*

So Stanyhurst, in his Translation of the Second Book of *Virgil's*  
*Æneid*, 1582, speaking of Cassandra,

“Lo ye, the wood virgin, with locks unbroided is haied.”

STEEVENS.

\* ————For that

*It is not night, when I do see your face, &c.]*

This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet,

———*Tu nocte vel atra*

*Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.* JOHNSON.

There,



Therefore, I think, I am not in the night :  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company ;  
For you in my respect are all the world.  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me ?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes.  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd :  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;  
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tyger :—Bootless speed !  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions ; let me go ;  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe,  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;  
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo,  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell ;  
To die upon the hand, I love so well. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ob.* Fare thee well, nymph : ere he doth leave this  
grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—  
Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

*Re-enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Ob.* I pray thee, give it me,  
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopy'd with the luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

There

<sup>s</sup> O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,] All the old editions have,  
Quite



There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,  
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
 Take thou some of it, and seek though this grove:  
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
 But do it, when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
 More fond of her, than she upon her love:  
 And, look, thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so,

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the wood.*

*Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.*

*Queen.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;<sup>6</sup>  
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:<sup>7</sup>

Some,

*Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine.*

On the margin of one of my folio's an unknown hand has written  
*lusb* woodbine, which, I think, is right.

This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.  
 Shakspeare uses the word *lusb* in *The Tempest*, A<sup>c</sup>t II.

"How *lusb* and lusty the grass looks? how green?"

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— a roundel, and a fairy song;] A roundel is a dance in a  
 ring. GRAY.

A roundel, rondill, or roundelay, is used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence, *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1580, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*; and produces what he calls *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Then for the third part of a minute hence.] So the old copies,  
 But the queen sets them work, that is to keep them employed for  
 the

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,  
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back  
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
 At our <sup>9</sup> quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep :  
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;  
 Come not near our fairy queen.  
 Philomel, with melody,  
 Sing in your sweet lullaby ;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby :  
 Never harm,  
 Nor spell, nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
 So, good night, with lullaby.*

the remainder of the night ; the poet, undoubtedly, intended her to say, Dance your round, and sing your song, and then instantly (*before* the third part of a minute) begone to your respective duties. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton reads,

—————*for the third part of the midnight.*

The persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be so short a time to do such work in. The critics might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy gives to the *cowslip*. But Shakespeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportions of other things in respect of these tiny beings ; compared with whose size a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ————*quaint spirits.* ————] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority,

—————*quaint sports.* ————

But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

2 Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.  
Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence, away ; now all is well :<sup>1</sup>  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.*

[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.**Enter Oberon.*

*Ob.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true love take ;  
Love, and languish for his sake :  
Be it <sup>2</sup> ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear,  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;  
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit Oberon.**Enter Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the  
wood ;  
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way :  
We'll rest us Hermia, if thou think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be't so, Lysander : find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

<sup>1</sup> *Hence away, &c.*] This according to all the editions is made part of the song ; but I think without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy, but the other division is better. STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> *Be it ounce, —*] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat.

JOHNSON.

*Lys,*

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,  
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

*Lys.* O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;<sup>3</sup>  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;  
So that but one heart we can<sup>4</sup> make of it :

<sup>3</sup> O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;

*Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.*]

Here, by some mischance or other, *innocence* and *conference* have been jumbled into one another's places, and thereby deprived a very sensible reply of all kind of meaning. Restore each to its right place and the sense will be this ;—when she had interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he replies,

*O take the sense, sweet, of my conference ;*

i. e. judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole speech, and do not pervert the sense of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the discourse. Besides, says he,

*Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence.*

i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to discover the innocence of mine. These are the sentiments, which were quite lost in this awkward transposition. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced of the necessity of this alteration. Lysander in the language of love professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed ; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lye further off*. Lysander answers,

*O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence.*

understand *the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning*. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind.

*Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.*

In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion*, but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Mr. Johnson has explained it ; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read,

*Love take the meaning in love's conference.*

Observ. & Conject. printed at Oxford, 1766.

<sup>4</sup> —we can make of it:] The folio, instead of *we can*, reads *can you*. STEEVENS.



44 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath ;  
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth :  
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;  
 For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lye.

}

*Her.* Lyfander, riddles very prettily :—  
 Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,  
 If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander ly'd.  
 But, gentle friend, for love and curtesy,  
 Lye further off, in human modesty.  
 Such separation, as, may well be said,  
 Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,  
 So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend :  
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

*Lyf* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I ;  
 And then end life, when I end loyalty !  
 Here is my bed : Sleep give thee all his rest !

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be  
 press'd ! *[They sleep.]*

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
 But Athenian found I none,  
 On whose eyes I might approve  
 This flower's force in stirring love :  
 Night and silence ! who is here ?  
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear ;  
 'This is he my master said,  
 Despised the Athenian maid.  
 And here the maiden sleeping found  
 On the dank and dirty ground.  
 Pretty foul ! she durst not lye  
 Near to this lack-love, this kill-curtesy.<sup>5</sup>  
 Churl upon thy eyes, I throw  
 All the power this charm doth owe :

<sup>5</sup> *Near to this lack-love, this kill-curtesy.*] Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love*.

STEEVENS.



When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.  
So awake, when I am gone ;  
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

*Hel.* Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet Demetrius !

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me  
thus.

*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chace !

The more my prayer, the less is my grace.<sup>6</sup>

Happy is Hermia, wherefoe'er she lies ;

For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright ? not with salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.

Therefore, no marvel, tho' Demetrius

Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.

What wicked, and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherèd eye ?

But who is here ? Lysander ! on the ground :

Dead or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound !

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys.* And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking.*

Transparent Helena ! Nature shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius ? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword !

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so ;

What tho' he love your Hermia ? Lord, what tho' ?

<sup>6</sup> ———my grace.] My acceptableness, the favour that I can  
gain. JOHNSON.

Yet

46 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

*Lyf.* Content with Hermia? No : I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent ;  
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love :  
Who will not change a raven for a dove ?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;  
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.  
Things, growing, are not ripe until their season :  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;  
And, touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,<sup>7</sup>  
And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo :  
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness ;<sup>8</sup>  
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd ! *[Exit.*

*Lyf.* She sees not Hermia :—Hermia, sleep thou  
there ;  
And never may'st thou come Lysander near !  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;  
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive ;

<sup>7</sup> *Reason becomes the marshal to my will,*] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *true gentleness ;*] *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the *spirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me !  
And all my powers address your love and might  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight ! [Exit.

*Her.* [Starting from sleep.] Help me, Lyfander, help  
me ! do thy best,  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !  
Ay me, for pity ! — what a dream was here ?  
Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear :  
Me-thought, a serpent eat my heart away ;  
And you<sup>9</sup> sat smiling at his cruel prey. —  
Lyfander ! what, remov'd ? Lyfander ! lord !  
What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?  
Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;  
Speak, of all loves ;<sup>1</sup> I swoon almost, with fear.  
No ? — then I well perceive, you are not nigh :  
Or death, or you,<sup>2</sup> I'll find immediately. [Exit.

<sup>9</sup> *And you* — ] Instead of *you*, the first folio reads *yet*. Mr. Pope first gave the right word from the quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Speak, of all loves* ; — ] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So *Merry Wives*, &c. Act II. Sc. 8.

“ ———— to fend her your little page, *of all loves*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Or death, or you*, &c.] The folio 1623, and the quarto 1600, instead of the first *or*, read *either*. STEEVENS.

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I. <sup>3</sup>

## T H E W O O D.

<sup>4</sup> Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

*The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

B O T T O M.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, <sup>5</sup> a parlous fear.

*Star.*

<sup>3</sup> In the time of Shakespeare, there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Enter Quince, &c.] The two quarto's 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.] By our ladykin, or little lady, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. *Parlous*, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So Phaer and Twyne translate *Virg. Æn.* l. 7. 302.

*Quid Syrtis, aut Scylla mihi, quid vasta Charybdis  
Profruit?*

What



*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit ; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue ; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords ; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed : and, for more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver : This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue ; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion ?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves : to bring in, God shield us ! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing : for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living ; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect ;—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble : my life for yours, if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life : No, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are :—and there, indeed, let him name his name ; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard

What good did Scylla me ? what could prevail Charybdis  
wood ?

Or Sirtes *parlous* sands ?

STEEVENS.

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E

things ;



50 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snug.* You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

*—Enter Puck behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swag-  
gering here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?  
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr*

*Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious savours sweet.*

*Quin. Odours, odours.*

*Pyr. Odours, savours sweet.*

*So doth thy breath,\* my dearest Thisby, dear :*

*But bark, a voice ! stay thou but here a whit ;<sup>7</sup>*

*And, by and by, I will to thee appear.*

[*Exit Pyramus.*]

*Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here !*

[*Aside.*]

*Thisb. Must I speak now ?*

*Quin. Ay, marry, must you ; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.*

*Thisb. Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly white of hue,*

*Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,*

*Most brisky Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,*

*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,*

*I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

*Quin. Ninus' tomb, man : why you must not speak that yet : that you answer to Pyramus : you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter ; your cue is past ; it is, never tire.*

*Re-enter Bottom, with an ass head.*

*Thisb. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

\* *So doth thy breath,—*] The old copies concur in reading,

*So hath thy breath,——*

Mr. Pope, I believe, first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *———stay thou but here a whit ;*] In the old editions,

*———stay thou here a while ;*

The verses should be alternately in rhyme : but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it,

*———stay thou but here a whit ;*

i. e. a little while : for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration ; a trifle : in which sense it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

52 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Pyr.* If I were, fair *Thisby*, I were only thine.

*Quin* O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted.  
Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! help !

[*The Clowns exeunt.*]

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through bryer ;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire.

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

*Bot.* Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of  
them to make me afraid.<sup>8</sup>

*Re-enter Snout.*

*Snout.* O Bottom ! thou art chang'd ! what do I  
see on thee ?<sup>1</sup>

*Bot.* What do you see ? you see an ass's head of  
your own ; Do you ?

*Re-enter Quince.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art  
translated. [*Exit.*]

*Bot.* I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of  
me ; to fright me if they could. But I will not stir

<sup>8</sup> *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through bryer ;* ] Here  
are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written,

*Through bog, through mire, ———* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *to make me afraid.* ] Throughout the old copies of this  
author, the word *afraid* is always thus spelt ; I suppose, according  
to the vulgar pronunciation. STEEVENS.

*Afraid* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an*  
*hungred*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> O Bottom, thou art chang'd ! what do I see on thee ? ] It is plain  
by Bottom's answer, that Snout mentioned an *ass's head*. There-  
fore we should read,

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ?  
An ass's head ? JOHNSON.

from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

*The ouzel-cock,<sup>2</sup> so black of bue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.*

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?  
[Waking.

Bottom sings.

*The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckow gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay :—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?  
who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry *cuckoo*  
never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
<sup>3</sup> Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,  
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

Bot.

<sup>2</sup> *The ouzel cock, —*] i. e. The cock blackbird. Ben Jonson  
uses the word in *The Devil is an Ass*, Com.

“ ——— stay till cold weather come,  
“ I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a fieldfare.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.]*

These lines are in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the  
second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following  
order :

*Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee ;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.*



*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can <sup>4</sup>gleek, upon occasion.

*Queen.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Queen.* Out of this wood do not desire to go ;  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit, of no common rate ;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee : therefore go with me ;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peaseblossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustardseed !

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I : Where shall we go ?<sup>5</sup>

*Queen.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
Feed him with apricots, and dewberries,

This reading I have inserted, not that it can suggest any thing better than the order to which the lines have been restored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, but to shew that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revival of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —gleek,] Joke or scoff. POPE.

<sup>5</sup> —Where shall we go?] Perhaps this question should be proposed by the four fairies together. STEEVENS.



With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
 And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,<sup>6</sup>  
 To have my love to bed, and to arise :  
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes ;  
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail !<sup>7</sup>

2 *Fair.* Hail !—

3 *Fair.* Hail !—

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy heartily. I beseech,  
 your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good  
 master Cobweb : If I cut my finger, I shall make  
 bold with you —Your name, honest gentleman ?

*Pease.* Peaseblossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash  
 your mother, and to master Peascod your father.  
 Good master Peaseblossom, I shall desire of you more  
 acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir.

*Mus.* Mustardseed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustardseed, I know your<sup>8</sup> pa-  
 tience well : that same cowardly, giant like, ox-beef  
 hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I  
 promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water

<sup>6</sup> ————*the fiery glow-worm's eyes,*] I know not how Shake-  
 speare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his  
 own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his  
 eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————*bail !*] Out of the four fairies, only three address  
 themselves to Bottom. If this salutation be given to the second  
 fairy, the repetition of the same word will serve for the other two.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ————*patience*] The Oxford edition reads, *I know your pa-  
 rentage well.* I believe the correction is right, JOHNSON.

56 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustardseed.

*Queen.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue,<sup>2</sup> bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Oberon.*

*Ob.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must doat on in extremity.

*Enter Puck.*

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches,<sup>1</sup> rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
'The shallow'st thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forlook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's<sup>2</sup> nowl I fixed on his head;  
Anon, his Thisby must be answered,

And

<sup>2</sup> ———— *my love's tongue* ————] The old copies read,

————— *my lover's tongue* ————— STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ———— *patches*, ————] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamanuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *nowl* —] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

And forth my <sup>3</sup> minnock <sup>4</sup> comes : When they him  
spy,

As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in fort, <sup>5</sup>  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :  
And, at our stamp, <sup>6</sup> here o'er and o'er one falls ;  
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :

So Chaucer, *The History of Beryn*, 2, 24,

“ No sothly, quoth the steward, it lieth all in thy *noll*,

“ Both wit and wisdom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— minnock—] This is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— fort,] Company. So above,

——— that barren fort ;

and in Waller,

*A sort of lusty shepherds strive.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> And at our stamp, ———] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read,

*And at a stump here o'er and o'er one falls.*

So Drayton,

*A pain he in his head-piece feels,*

*Against a stubbed tree he reels,*

*And up went poor hobgoblin's heels ;*

*Alas, his brain was dizzy.* ———

*At length upon his feet he gets,*

*Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,*

*And as again he forward sets,*

*And through the bushes scrambles,*

*A stump doth trip him in his pace,*

*Down fell poor Hob upon his face,*

*And lamentably tore his case,*

*Among the briers and brambles.*

JOHNSON.

For

58 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,  
 7 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things  
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :  
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)  
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Ob.* This falls out better than I could devise.  
 But hast thou yet latch'd<sup>s</sup> the Athenian's eyes  
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping ;—that is finish'd too ;—  
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;  
 That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Ob.* Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?  
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;  
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
 Being o'er shoes in blood, ' plunge in the deep,  
 And kill me too.

7 *Some, sleeves ; some, hats : ———*] There is the like image  
 in Drayton of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin.

*Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,*

*'Gainst one another jussling ;*

*They flew about like chaff ' ib' wind,*

*For haste some left their masks behind,*

*Some could not stay their gloves to find,*

*There never was such busling.*

JOHNSON.

8 *—— latch'd,*] or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French.  
 HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infest*. STEEVENS.

1 *Being o'er shoes in blood.*] An allusion to the proverb, *Over  
 shoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

The



The sun was not so true unto the day,  
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,  
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon  
May through the center creep, and so displease  
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.  
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murderer look, so <sup>2</sup> dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, and clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog, out, cur! thou driv'st me past the  
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake,  
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake!  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!<sup>3</sup>  
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?  
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

<sup>2</sup> —*so dead*—] All the old copies read *so dead*, in my copy of it, some reader has altered *dead* to *dread*. JOHNSON.

*Dead* seems to be the right word, and our author again uses it  
2d P. Hen. IV. act i. sc. 3.

*Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*O brave touch*.] *Touch* in Shakespeare's time was the same  
with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. A brave touch, a noble stroke,  
*in grand coup*. *Mas*n was very merry, pleasantly playing both with  
the shrewd touches of many curst boys, and the small discretion of  
many lewd schoolmasters. Ascham. JOHNSON.

*Dem.*



60 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood ;<sup>4</sup>  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so :

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein :  
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,

For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

*Ob.* What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,  
And laid thy love-juice on some true-love's sight :

Of thy misprision must per force ensue

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true. \*

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man hold-  
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Ob.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens, look thou find.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear :

By some illusion, see, thou bring her here ;

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go ; look, how I go ;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

*Ob.* Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

<sup>4</sup> —*mispris'd*—] Mistaken ; so below *misprision* is mistake.

JOHNSON.

\* Sir T. H. reads the last line thus :

*Some true love turn'd false, not a false, turn'd true.*

STEEVENS.

Sink

Sink in apple of his eye !  
 When his love he doth espy,  
 Let her shine as gloriously  
 As the Venus of the sky.—  
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
 Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy-band,  
 Helena is here at hand ;  
 And the youth, mistook by me,  
 Pleading for a lover's fee ;  
 Shall we their fond pageant see ?  
 Lord, what fools these mortals be !

*Ob.* Stand aside : the noise they make,  
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two, at once, woo one ;  
 That must needs be sport alone :  
 And those things do best please me,  
 That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lysander, and Helena.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should woo in  
 scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :  
 Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,  
 In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
 Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more ;  
 When truth kills truth, O devilish—holy fray !  
 These vows are Hermia's : will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :  
 Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.*

62 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [*awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crytal is muddy. O how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,<sup>5</sup>

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss

This princess of pure white<sup>6</sup>, this seal of bliss!<sup>7</sup>

*Hel.* O spight! O hell: I see, you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls<sup>8</sup>, to mock me too?

If

<sup>5</sup> —*Taurus' snow.*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *This princess of pure white,*—] Thus all the editions to Sir T. H.'s. He reads,

*This pureness of pure white;*

and Dr. Warburton follows him. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*seal of bliss.*] He has elsewhere the same image,

*But my kisses bring again*

*Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*join in souls*] This is surely wrong. We may read, *Join in scorns*, or *join in scoffs*. JOHNSON.

*Join* in souls. i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakespeare in Henry V. uses an expression not unlike this:

*For we will hear, note, and believe in heart;*

i. e. heartily believe: and in Measure for Measure, he talks of electing with *special soul*. In Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, says,

“with *private soul*

“Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.”

Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in scouts*; Dr Warburton, *insolents*; and Dr. Johnson, *in scorns*, or *in scoffs*. STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line should be read thus,

But

If you were men, as men you are, in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;  
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,  
And now both rivals to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,  
With your derision! none of nobler sort,  
Would so offend a virgin; and extort<sup>9</sup>  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,  
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know;  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
<sup>1</sup> My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;  
And now to Helen it is home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,  
Left, to thy peril, thou aby it dear——  
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*But you must join, all souls, to mock me too?*

*Ill* is often used for *bad*, *wicked*.

Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it is hardly right. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Extort a poor soul's patience.] Harrafs, torment. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> My heart to her.] We should read,

*My heart with her but as guest-wife sojourn'd.*

So Prior,

*No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
They were but my visits, but then not my home.*

JOHNSON

*Enter*



*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes:  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompence.—  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy found.  
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

*Lyf.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

*Her.* What love could press Lyfander from my side?

*Lyf.* Lyfander's love, that would not let him 'bide,  
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night,  
Then all yon fiery O's<sup>2</sup> and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not, as you think: it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd, all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spite to me.<sup>3</sup>—  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us, O, and is all forgot?  
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

<sup>2</sup> —all yon fiery O's.] I would willingly believe that the poet wrote *fiery orbs*. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare uses O for a circle. So in the prologue to *Hen. V.*

—————“can we crowd

“Within this little O, the very casques

“That did affright the air at Agincourt?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —in spite of me.] I read, *in spite to me*. JOHNSON.

Have



Have with our <sup>8</sup> needles created both one flower;  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
 But yet an union in partition,  
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem:  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
<sup>9</sup> Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words:  
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lyfander, as in scorn,  
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?  
 And made your other love, Demetrius,  
 (Who even but now did spurn me at his foot)  
 To call me Goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyfander  
 Deny your love so rich within his soul,  
 And tender me, forsooth, affection;  
 But by your setting on, by your consent?

<sup>8</sup> *Have with our needles, &c.*] It was probably written by Shakespeare *neelds* (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day) otherwise the verse will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's Needle. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Two of the first life, coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest:*]

The true correction of this passage I owe to the friendship and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, esq.—Two of the *first, second, &c.* are terms peculiar in Heraldry, to distinguish the different *quarterings* of *coats*. THEOBALD.

What though I be not so in grace as you,  
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;  
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?  
 This you should pity rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, persevere<sup>1</sup>, counterfeit sad looks,  
 Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back ;  
 Wink at each other, hold the sweet jest up :  
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make me such an argument :<sup>2</sup>  
 But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault,  
 Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;  
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

*Hel.* O excellent !

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :  
 Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak  
 prayers.<sup>3</sup>

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;  
 I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,  
 To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

<sup>1</sup> *Ay, do, persevere*—] *Persevere* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly so pronounced. Thus our author in *All's Well* that ends Well, act iv. sc. 2.

—“ say thou art mine, and ever

“ My love, as it begins, so shall *persevere*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*such an argument*.] Such a *subject* of light merriment.

JOHNSON.

So Isabella, speaking to Lucio in *Measure for Measure*,——  
 “ Make me not, sir, *your story*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———*than her weak prayers*.] The old copies read,

———*than her weak praise*. STEEVENS.

*Dem.* Quick, come—

*Her.* Lylander, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no; he'll

Seem to break loose, take on, as you would follow,  
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

*Lys.* Hang off thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,  
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change  
Sweet love! [is this?

*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes, sooth; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:

Why then you left me?—O the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt:

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* O me! you jugler! oh, you canker-blossom!<sup>4</sup>

You

<sup>4</sup> ————*you canker-blossom!*] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado About Nothing*, act i. sc. 6.

You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

*Hel.* Fine, i'faith !

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?  
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

*Her.* Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game.  
Now, I perceive, that she hath made compare  
Between our statures ; she hath urg'd her height ;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;  
How low am I ? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;  
I am a right maid, for my cowardice :  
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower ! hark, again.—

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I ever more did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood :  
He follow'd you ; for love I follow'd him.  
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me

“ I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge

“ Than a rose in his grace.”

but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So in the famous passage,

————— “ like a *worm* i' th' bud,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.”

STEEVENS.

To



To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further. Let me go :  
You see how simple and how fond I am. <sup>5</sup>

*Her.* Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders  
you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you take her  
part.

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd :  
She was a vixen when she went to school ;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low, and little?—  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf,  
You <sup>6</sup> Minimus, of hind'ring knot-grafs made; <sup>7</sup>  
You

<sup>5</sup> ————“ *how fond I am.*] *Fond*, i. e. foolish; often us'd in  
that sense by our author:—Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 4.

—————“ I do wonder

“ Thou naughty goaler that thou art so *fond*

“ To come abroad with him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *You Minimus*,—] Shakespeare might have given it,

*You Minim*, you, ————

i. e. *You Diminutive* of the Creation, you *Reptile*, as in Milton.  
THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> ————of *hindring knot-grafs made.*] It appears that knot-  
grafs was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal  
or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The  
Knight of the Burning Pestle* :

“ Should they put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere  
“ worse than *knot-grafs*, he would never grow after it.”

Again in *The Coxcomb* :



70 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious,  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone; speak not of Helena,  
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend  
Never so little shew of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.<sup>8</sup>

*Lys.* Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,  
Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena,

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by  
jowl. [*Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coyl is long of you:  
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company,  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exeunt: Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

*Ob.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.<sup>9</sup>

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:

"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for  
"a year, with milk and *knot-grass*." Daisy-roots were supposed  
to have the same effect. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou shalt aby it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. So  
in the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"Had I a sword and buckler here,

"You should *aby* these questions."

The word has occur'd before in this play. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *thy knaveries willingly.*] The quarto in 1600 reads *wil-*  
*fully*. STEEVENS.

And

And so far am I glad it did so fort, <sup>1</sup>  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Ob.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight;  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fogs, as black as Acheron;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander, sometime, frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou, like Demetrius;  
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus,  
'Till o'er their brows death counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, <sup>2</sup>  
To take from thence all error with its might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend  
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.  
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there  
Troop home to church-yard; damned spirits all, <sup>3</sup>  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,

Already

<sup>1</sup> —so fort.] So happen in the issue. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> virtuous property.] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the Tempest, poisonous dew, wicked dew. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —————damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial.]

i. e. The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads;

Already to their wormy beds are gone ;  
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
 They wilfully exile themselves from light,  
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort ;  
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
 But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :  
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down :  
 I will lead them up and down :  
 I am fear'd in field in town ;  
 Goblin, lead them up and down.  
 Here comes one.

*Enter Lysander.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak  
 thou now.

*Puck.* Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where  
 art thou ?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then  
 To plainer ground. [*Lys. goes out, as following Dem.*]

and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I with the morning's love have oft made sport.*] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* Deity. How such a wag-gish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, "I with the *morning light*, &c."

STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* Lyfander ! ſpeak again.

Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled ?  
Speak in ſome buſh : where doſt thou hide thy head ?<sup>4</sup>

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,  
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,  
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou  
child ;

I'll whip thee with a rod : he is deſil'd,  
That draws a ſword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea ; art thou there ?

*Puck.* Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Lyfander.*

*Lyf.* He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on ;  
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I :

I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly ;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day !  
[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpight.

*Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho, ho, coward, why comeſt thou not ?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'ſt : for well I wot,  
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place ;

And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou ?

*Puck.* Come hither, I am here.

<sup>4</sup> *Speak in ſome buſh : where doſt thou hide thy head ?*] This paſſage is printed thus in all the editions. The ſenſe I think would be clearer if the pointing were regulated thus :

*Speak. In ſome buſh ? Where doſt thou hide thy head ?*

STEEVENS.

*Dem.*



*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy  
this dear, <sup>s</sup>

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed:—

By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down.*

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the east:

That I may back to Athens by day-light,

From these, that my poor company detest:—

And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? come one more,

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:—

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad. }

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down.*

*Puck.* On the ground

Sleep found,

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

<sup>s</sup> ——— *buy this dear;*] i. e. *thou shalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou shalt 'by it dear.* So in another place, *thou shalt aby it.* So Milton, *How dearly I abide that least so vain.* JOHNSON.



When thou wak'st,  
 Thou tak'st  
 True delight  
 In the sight  
 Of thy former lady's eye :  
 And the country proverb known,  
 That every man should take his own,  
 In your waking shall be shown. }  
 Jack shall have Jill,<sup>6</sup>  
 Nought shall go ill,  
 The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.  
 [Exit Puck. [They sleep.

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\* A C T I V. S C E N E I.

T H E W O O D.

*Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,  
 and the King behind them.*

Q U E E N.

C O M E, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,<sup>7</sup>  
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head ;  
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peaseblossom ?

*Pease.* Ready.

<sup>6</sup> Jack shall have Jill, &c.] These three last lines are to be found among Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.

STEEVENS.

\* I see no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —do coy] To coy is to sooth. SKINNER.

*Bot.*

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give thy neif<sup>s</sup>, monsieur Mustard-seed; pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb<sup>9</sup> to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face:—and I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Queen.* What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Queen.* Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Queen.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

8 —neif.] i. e. fist. Henry IV. act ii. sc. 10.

*Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.* GRAY.

<sup>9</sup> —Cavalero Cobweb.] Without doubt it should be *Cavalero Peaf.-blossom*; as for *Cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GRAY.

*Bot.*

# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM. 77

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Queen.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.<sup>1</sup>  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,  
Gently entwist—the female ivy<sup>2</sup> so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

*Oberon*

<sup>1</sup> In the former editions, — *and be always away.*] What! was she giving her attendants an everlasting dismissal! No such thing; they were to be still upon duty. I am convinced the poet meant;  
————— *and be all ways away.*

i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your *watch* that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads,

*And be away—away.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle  
Gently entwist; the FEMALE ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.*]

What does the woodbine entwist? The *honey-suckle*. But the woodbine and honey-suckle were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by woodbinde or *bonnie-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the woodbine as well as for the ivy. Which is done by reading the lines thus;

*So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,  
Gently entwist the MAPLE; ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.*

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads,

*So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle,*

for bark of the wood. Shakespeare perhaps only meant so, the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant and *honey-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakespeare made a blunder.

JOHNSON.  
What

78 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

*Oberon advances. Enter Puck.*

*Ob.* Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
 Seeking sweet savours<sup>4</sup> for this hateful fool,  
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;  
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
 And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds  
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearl,  
 Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,  
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.  
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,  
 I then did ask of her her changeling child,  
 Which strait she gave me, and her fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.  
 And, now I have the boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

What Shakespeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm; and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the Poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakespeare thought *woodbine* wanted explanation, perhaps is this. In some countries, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would be generally understood the Ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the female ivy.*] Shakespeare calls it *female ivy*, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

“ ——— led the vine

“ To wed *her* elm : she spous'd, about him twines

“ Her marriageable arms——”

“ *Ulmo conjuncta marito.*” Catull.

“ *Platanusque cœlebs*

“ *Evinct Ulmos.* Hor. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *sweet savours,*] The first edition reads *savours.* STEEVENS.

From



From off the head of the Athenian swain ;  
That he, awaking, when the others do,  
May all to Athens back again repair ;  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first, I will release the Fairy queen ;

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;  
See, as thou wast wont to see :  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.<sup>5</sup>

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

*Queen.* My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !  
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Ob.* There lies your love.

*Queen.* How came these things to pass ?  
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now !

*Ob.* Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this  
head.—

Titania, musick call ; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.<sup>6</sup>

*Queen.* Musick, ho ! musick : such as charmeth  
sleep.

*Still musick.*

*Puck.* When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's  
eyes peep.

<sup>5</sup> *Dian's bud, or Cupid's flower.*] Thus all the editions. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby gave me the correction, which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *Titania, musick call, and strike more dead  
Than common sleep Of all these five the sense.*]

This most certainly is both corrupt in the text and pointing. My emendation needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction. THEOBALD.



*Ob.* Sound, musick. Come, my queen, take hand  
with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity ;  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair <sup>7</sup> posterity ;  
There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark ;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Ob.* Then, my queen, in silence sad ; <sup>8</sup>  
Trip we after the night's shade :  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

*Queen.* Come, my lord, and in our flight  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals, on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*  
*Wind horns within.*

*Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester ;——

<sup>7</sup> *Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all FAIR posterity ;]*

We should read,

——to all FAR posterity.

i. e. to the remotest posterity.      **WARBURTON.**

<sup>8</sup> *Then, my queen, in silence sad ;  
Trip we after the night's shade.]*

Mr. Theobald says, *why sad ? Fairies are pleased to follow night.* He will have it *fade* ; and so, to mend the rhyme, spoils both the sense and grammar. But he mistakes the meaning of *sad* ; it signifies only grave, sober ; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. ——So Winter's Tale, act iv. *My father and the gentlemen are in SAD talk.* For grave or serious. **WARBURTON.**

For

For now our observation is perform'd,<sup>9</sup>  
 And since we have the vaward of the day,  
 My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.  
 Uncouple in the western valley; go;—  
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—  
 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
 And mark the musical confusion  
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,  
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear<sup>1</sup>  
 With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
 Such gallant chiding.<sup>2</sup> For, besides the groves,  
 The skies, the fountains, every region near  
 Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So<sup>3</sup> flew'd, so<sup>4</sup> fanded, and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theffalian bulls;  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable

<sup>9</sup> *Our observation is perform'd.]* The honours due to the morning of May. I know not why Shakespear calls this play a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding May day. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *—they bay'd the bear.]* Thus all the old copies. I suppose we should read, the boar. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *—such gallant chiding.]* *Chiding* in this instance means only sound. So in Hen. VIII.

“As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.”

So in Humour out of Breath, Com. by John Day, 1608.

—“I take great pride

“To hear soft music, and thy shrill voice *chide*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *So flew'd.]* i. e. so mouthed. *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> *So fanded.]* So marked with small spots. JOHNSON.

*Sandy'd* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theffaly :  
 Judge, when you hear.—But soft, what nymphs are  
 these ?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;  
 And this Lyfander, this Demetrius is ;  
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :  
 I wonder at their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
 The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,  
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
 But speak, Egeus, is not this the day,  
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
 horns.

*Horns, and shout within ; Demetrius, Lyfander, Hermia  
 and Helena, wake and start up.*

*The.* Good-morrow, friends ; faint Valentine is  
 past ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

*Lyf.* Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theseus.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.  
 I know, you two are rival enemies.  
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

*Lyf.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
 Half 'sleep, half waking : but as yet, I swear,  
 I cannot truly say how I came here :  
 But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,  
 And now I do bethink me, so it is)  
 I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

<sup>5</sup> ——— [*faint Valentine is past ;*] Alluding to the old saying,  
 That birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;  
I beg the law, the law upon his head:—

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;  
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them;  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.<sup>6</sup>

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia

Melted as is the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,  
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betrothed ere I did see Hermia:

But, like a sickness, did I loath this food;

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:  
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—

Egeus, I will over-bear your will;

For in the temple, by and by with us,

These couples shall eternally be knit.

And, for the morning now is something worn,

<sup>6</sup> *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before.

*Sighs and tears poor Fancy's followers.*

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in his *Fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.



Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—

Away, with us to Athens: three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come Hippolita. [*Exe. Duke, Hippolita, and train.*]

*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguishable,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted eye;  
When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So, methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,<sup>6</sup>

Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* Are you sure<sup>7</sup>

That we are awake?—it seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,

The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *And I have found Demetrius like a JEWEL,  
Mine own, and not mine own.*

Hermia had observed that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *so methinks*; and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read,

*And I have found Demetrius like a GEMELL,  
Mine own, and not mine own.*

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetrius's like the two Sofia's in the Farce.—From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau*, or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So in Maçon's Translation of the Decameron of Boccace—*Il avoit trois filles plus agées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient, JUMELLES avoient quinze ans.* Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true.

JOHNSON.

—————<sup>7</sup> *Are you sure  
That we are awake?*

This passage, hitherto omitted, I have restored from the quarto's 1600. STEEVENS.

*Her.*

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolita.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

*As they go out, Bottom awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—My next is, Most fair Pyramus——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was,—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had——<sup>7</sup> But man is but a patch'd fool,<sup>8</sup> if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke:<sup>9</sup> Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.<sup>1</sup> [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E

<sup>7</sup> —man is but a patch'd fool.] The quarto, 1600, gives the passage thus; “But man is but patch'd a fool, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Patch'd fool,] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> I will sing, &c.] In former editions: *Peradventure to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.* At whose death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary said;—*I shall sing it after death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the scene; and so might promise

## S C E N E II.

*Athens. Quince's house.**Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.**Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?*Quin.* It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.*Flu.* No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.*Flu.* You must say, paragon: a paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of nought.<sup>2</sup>*Enter Snug.**Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.<sup>3</sup>

to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of song.—The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound,—*a'ter*: which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *b*, produced the present reading—at *her*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> —*at her death.*] He means *the death of Thisbe*, which is what his head is at present full of. STEEVENS.<sup>2</sup> *A thing of nought,*] which Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*, is, a good for nothing thing.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *made men.*] In the same sense as in the *Tempest*, any monster in England makes a man. JOHNSON.*Flu.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM. 87

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom ! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life : he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day : an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd : he would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter Bottom.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads ? where are these hearts ?

*Quin.* Bottom !—O most courageous day ! O most happy hour !

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what ; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors ! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go, away.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

## THE PALACE.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.*

HIPPOLITA.

**T**HIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true. I never may believe <sup>4</sup>  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys;  
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;  
That is the madman: The lover, all as frantick, <sup>5</sup>  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation, and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if he would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

<sup>4</sup> These beautiful lines are in all the old editions thrown out of metre. They are very well restored by the later editors.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *That is the madman: the lover, all as frantick.*] Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us,

“ The madman; while the lover all as frantick.”

Or,



Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth that fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy;<sup>5</sup>  
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.*

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.  
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us,  
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall  
we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours,  
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter Philostrate.*

*Philostr.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgment<sup>7</sup> have you for this  
evening?

<sup>5</sup> *Constancy.*] Consistency; stability; certainty. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Call Philostrate.*] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Say what abridgment, &c.*] By *abridgment* our author means dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into as many hours. So in *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 7. he calls the players *abridgments*, *abstracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time*. STEEVENS.

What

90 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philost.* There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:<sup>8</sup>  
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

*The. reads.* <sup>9</sup>] *The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung  
by an Athenian cunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The Rot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd,  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror,

<sup>1</sup> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen and critical;<sup>2</sup>  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.*

<sup>8</sup> One of the quartos has *ripe*, the other old editions, *rife*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The. reads.*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from  
both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following edi-  
tions, Lysander reads the catalogue, and Theseus makes the re-  
marks. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, &c.]*

I do not know whether it has been before observed, that Shake-  
speare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears  
of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This  
piece first appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldest edi-  
tion of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be  
here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edi-  
tion of this? But however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it  
seems to bring the play below 1591. WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> — *keen and critical.*] *Critical* here means *criticizing, cen-  
suring*. So in *Othello*:

*O, I am nothing if not critical.*

STEEVENS.

Merry

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?  
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.<sup>3</sup>  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words  
long,

Which is as brief, as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they, that do play it?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens  
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories<sup>4</sup>  
With this same play against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you. I have heard it over,

<sup>3</sup> *Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?*  
*That is, hot ice, AND wondrous strange snow.]*

The nonsense of the last line should be corrected thus,

*That is, hot ice, a wondrous strange snow.*

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably,

*And wondrous strange black snow.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton reads, *a wondrous strange snow.* Sir T. H.  
*wondrous scorching snow.* Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I  
think the passage needs no alteration, on account of the versifica-  
tion; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syl-  
lables. The meaning of the line is——“That is, *hot ice* and  
“*snow of as strange a quality.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——*unbreath'd memories.]* That is, unexercised, unprac-  
tised memories. STEEVENS.

And

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
 Unless you can find sport in their intents,<sup>4</sup>  
 Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
 To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play:  
 For never any thing can be amiss,  
 When simpleness and duty tender it.  
 Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Phil.*

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
 And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such  
 thing.  
 Our sport shall be, \* to take what they mistake;  
 And what poor duty cannot do,<sup>5</sup>  
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.  
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

<sup>4</sup> *Unless you can find sport in their intents.*] Thus all the copies.  
 But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect  
 a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

\* *Our sport shall be, &c.*] Voltaire says something like this  
 of Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in con-  
 fusion when they spoke to him. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And what poor duty cannot do,  
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*]

The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is  
 this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, respectful generosity  
 receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is  
 rather true: *What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regard-  
 ful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of  
 complete performance.*

We should therefore read,

*And what poor duty cannot do,  
 Noble respect takes not in might, but merit.*

JOHNSON.

And,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome :  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of fawcy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter Philostrate.*

*Philostr.* So please your grace, the prologue is addressed.<sup>7</sup>

*The.* Let him approach. [Flour. Trum.

*Enter the prologue.*

*Prol.* If we offend, it is with our good will.—  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.

*Consider then—we come but in despite—  
We do not come, as minding to content you—  
Our true intent is—All for your delight,*

*We are not here, that you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand ;—and by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ;  
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord :—  
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like  
a child on a recorder ;<sup>8</sup> a sound, but not in govern-  
ment.<sup>9</sup>

*The.*

<sup>7</sup> ————address.] That is, ready. Hen. V.

“ To-morrow for our march we are address.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —on a recorder.] A kind of flute. Shakespeare introduced it  
in Hamlet, and Milton says,

“ To



*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impair'd, but all disordered. Who is next ?

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* “ Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;

“ But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

“ This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

“ This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

“ This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

“ Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers Sunder :

“ And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-

“ tent

“ To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.

“ This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

“ Presenteth Moon-shine : for, if you will know,

“ By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

“ To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

“ This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight, <sup>2</sup>

“ The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

“ Did scare away, or rather did affright :

“ And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ; <sup>3</sup>

“ To the sound of soft recorders.”

It is found in very many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*but not in government.*] That is, not regularly according to the tune. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *which Lion hight by name.*] As all the other parts of this speech are in *alternate rhyme*, excepting that it closes with a *couplet* ; and as no rhyme is left to *name* ; we must conclude, either a verse is *slipped out*, which cannot now be retriev'd ; or, by a *transposition* of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet*. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *her mantle she did fall.*] Thus all the old copies. The modern editions read,—“ she *let fall*,” unnecessarily. So in the *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 1.

“ And when I rear my hand do you the like,

“ To *fall* it on Gonzalo.” STEEVENS.

“ Which

- “ Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
 “ Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,  
 “ And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;  
 “ Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,<sup>4</sup>  
 “ He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.  
 “ And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
 “ His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
 “ Let Lion, Moon-shine, Wall, and lovers twain,  
 “ At large discourse, while here they do remain.”

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

*The.* I wonder, if the Lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one Lion may, when many asses do.

- Wall.* “ In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
 “ That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:  
 “ And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
 “ That had in it a crannied hole, or chink;

<sup>4</sup> *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakespeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

*The raging rocks  
 And shivering shocks.*

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

This alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Hen. VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

- “ Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,  
 “ Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,  
 “ Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,  
 “ Fie, frantike, fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,  
 “ Out, oblatrant, obliet, obstacle, and obcecate.  
 “ Ah addist algoes, in acerbitie acclamant  
 “ Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,  
 “ Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant.”

In Tusser's Husbandry, page 104, there is a poem, of which every word begins with a T. STEEVENS.

“ Through

96 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
 " Did whisper often very secretly.

" This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone doth  
 " shew,

" That I am that same wall ; the truth is so.

" And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak  
 better ?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard  
 discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* " O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so  
 " black !

" O night, which ever art, when day is not !

" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

" I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !

" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

" That stand'st between her father's ground and  
 " mine ;

" Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine  
 " eyne.

" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well  
 " for this !

" But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

" O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs ;

" Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should  
 curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving  
 me* is Thisby's cue ; she is to enter now, and I am to  
 spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall  
 pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes.

*Enter*

*Enter Thisby.*

*Thisb.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my  
"moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

"My cherry lips hath often kiss'd thy stones;

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."<sup>5</sup>

*Pyr.* "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

*Thisb.* "My love! thou art, my love, I think."

*Pyr.* "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's

"grace,

"And like Limander am I trusty still."<sup>6</sup>

*Thisb.* "And I like Helen till the fates me kill."

*Pyr.* "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true,"

*Thisb.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

*Pyr.* "O kiss me through the hole of this vile

"wall."

*Thisb.* "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-

"way?"

*Thisb.* "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

*Wall.* "Thus have I Wall my part discharged so:

"And being done, thus Wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisby.*

*The.* Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.<sup>7</sup>

*Hip*

<sup>5</sup> ————*knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *knit up again.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And like Limander, &c.*] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Thisb.* Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to HEAR

*Hip.* This is the filliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, <sup>a</sup> a moon and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion.* " You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do  
" fear

" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
" When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
" Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am <sup>9</sup>  
" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

*without warning.*] Shakespeare could never write this nonsense : we should read—to REAR *without warning*. i. e. It is no wonder that walls should be suddenly down when they were as suddenly up ; —*rear'd without warning*. \*WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Here come two noble beasts in a man and a lion.*] I don't think the jest here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true reading, viz.

*Here come two noble beasts—in a man and a lion.*

immediately upon Theseus saying this, Enter Lion and Moonshine. It seems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,

—*in a moon and a lion,*

the one having a crescent and a lanthorn before him, and representing the *man* in the *moon* ; the other in a lion's hide.

THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> *Then know, that I one Snug the joiner am ;*] The folio, 1623, reads, *a lion fell*, which not agreeing with the remainder of the speech, the modern editors have altered it into *no lion fell*. Had they in this instance consulted the quarto, 1600, it would have set them right :

" Then know that I, as Snug the joyner am

" A lion fell, nor else no Lyons dam. STEEVENS.

For



“ For if I should as lion come in strife  
 “ Into this place, ’twere pity of my life.”

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e’er I  
 saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True ; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry  
 his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his  
 valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well :  
 leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* “ This lanthorn doth the horned moon  
 “ present :”

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible  
 within the circumference.

*Moon.* “ This lanthorn doth the horned moon  
 “ present :

“ Myself the man i’t’h’moon doth seem to be.”

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the  
 man should be put into the lanthorn : how is it else  
 the man i’the moon ?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle : for  
 you see, it is already in snuff. <sup>1</sup>

*Hip.* I am aweary of this moon : would he would  
 change !

*The.* It appears by his small light of discretion,  
 that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all  
 reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, Moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is to tell you that the  
 lanthorn is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this  
 thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

<sup>1</sup> —in snuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder  
 of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lanthorn ;  
for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes  
Thisby.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*Thisb.* “ This is old Ninny’s tomb ; where is my  
“ love ? ”

*Lion.* “ Oh.— ” [*The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off.*]

*Dem.* Well roar’d, Lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, Moon.

Truly, the Moon shines with a good grace.

*The.* Well mous’d, Lion.

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the Lion vanish’d.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* “ Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny  
“ beams :

“ I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright :

“ For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,<sup>2</sup>

“ I trust to taste of truest Thisby’s fight.

“ But stay ;—O spight !

“ But mark ;—Poor knight,

“ What dreadful dole is here ?

“ Eyes, do you see ?

“ How can it be ?

“ O dainty duck ! O dear !

“ Thy mantle good,

“ What, stain’d with blood ?

“ Approach you furies fell !

“ O fates ! come, come,

“ Cut thread and thrum ;<sup>3</sup>

“ Quail, crush, conclude, and quell ! ”

<sup>2</sup> ———glittering streams.] The old copies read *beams*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———cut thread and thrum.] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver’s warp ; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

*The.*

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* "O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?"

"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd

"with cheer.

"Come tears, confound;

"Out sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:—

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky;

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies. Exit Moonshine.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an afs.<sup>5</sup>

*Hip.* How chance the Moonshine is gone, before Thisby come back and finds her lover?

<sup>5</sup> —and prove an afs.] The character of Theseus in this play is more exalted in his humanity, than his greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Jago, *you should taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a quibble. STEEVENS.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*The.* She will find him by star-light.  
Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

*Dem.* A moth will turn the ballance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better;—<sup>5</sup>

*Lys.* She hath 'spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—<sup>6</sup>

*Thisf.* "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lilly brows,<sup>7</sup>

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

<sup>5</sup> The first folio edition makes this speech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *And thus she means—*] Thus all the editions have it. It should be, thus she *moans*, *i. e.* laments over the dead Pyramus.

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *These lilly lips, this cherry nose*] All Thisbe's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by some accident, are in this single instance interrupted. I suspect the poet wrote;

*These lilly brows,*

*This cherry nose*

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lilly* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* nose, *green* eyes, or *cowslip* cheeks. THEOBALD.

"With

" With hands as pale as milk ;  
 " Lay them in gore, <sup>8</sup>  
 " Since you have shore  
 " With shears his thread of silk.  
 " Tongue, not a word :—  
 " Come, trusty sword ;  
 " Come, blade, my breast imbrue :  
 " And farewell, friends ;—  
 " Thus Thisby ends :  
 " Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. <sup>9</sup> Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company ?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone. [Here a dance of clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—  
 Lovers to bed ; 'tis almost Fairy time.

<sup>8</sup> *Lay them in gore.*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton instead of *lay*, read *lave*, but have no note to justify or account for the alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Will it please, &c.*] The quarto in 1600 gives this speech to Lion, but *see* an epilogue and *hear* a dance is so much in Bottom's character, that the modern editors are justified in restoring it to him. WARNER.

*A Bergomask dance,*] (As sir T. H. observes in his Glossary) is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in *Italy* affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.



I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,  
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.  
 This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd  
 The heavy <sup>1</sup> gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—  
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
 In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf beholds the moon : <sup>2</sup>  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task fore-done. <sup>3</sup>  
 Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
 In remembrance of a shroud.  
 Now it is the time of night,  
 That the graves, all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his spright,  
 In the church-way paths to glide ;

<sup>1</sup> *gait.*] i. e. *passage, progress.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> In the old copies : *And the wolf beholds the moon.*] As 'tis the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight ; and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do : and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented ; I make no question but the poet wrote ;

*And the wolf behowls the moon.*

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *besee*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

The alteration is better than the original reading ; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf *gazes at the moon.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *foredone.*] i. e. overcome. So Spenser, F. Q. b. i. c. x, f. 33.

“ And many souls in dolour had *foredone*. STEEVENS.

And

And we Fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecat's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolick ; not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :  
 I am sent, with broom, before, <sup>4</sup>  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.*

*Ob.* Through this house give glimmering light, <sup>5</sup>  
 By the dead and drowsy fire :  
 Every elf and fairy sprite,  
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;  
 And this ditty after me  
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

*Tit.* First rehearse this song by rote,  
 To each word a warbling note.  
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
 Will we sing and bless this place.

<sup>4</sup> *I am sent with broom before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.]*

Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of Fairies.

*These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,  
 By pinching them both black and blue,  
 And put a penny in their shoe*

*The house for cleanly sweeping.* Drayton.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Through this house give glimmering light.]* Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought :

*Glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.*

Il Penseroso.

So Drayton :

*Hence shadows seeming idle shapes  
 Of little frisking elves and apes,  
 To earth do make their wanton 'scapes,  
 As hope of pastime hastes them.*

I think it should be read,

*Through this house in glimmering light.* JOHNSON.

*Ob.*

Ob. Now, until the break of day,<sup>6</sup>  
 Through this house each Fairy stray.  
 To the best bride-bed will we,  
 Which by us shall blessed be,  
 And the issue, there create,  
 Ever shall be fortunate.  
 So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true in loving be :  
 And the blots of nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand ;  
 Never mole, hare-lip nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.—  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every Fairy take his gate,  
 And each several chamber bless,  
 Through this palace, with sweet peace.  
 Ever shall it safely rest,  
 And the owner of it blest.  
 Trip away ;  
 Make no stay ;  
 Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and train.*

<sup>6</sup> *Now, until, &c.*] This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song ?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this ; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, tho' the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the dispatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

*Puck.*

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this, and all is mended ;  
 That you have but slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear.  
 And this weak and idle theme,  
 No more yielding but a dream,  
 Gentles, do not reprehend ;  
 If you pardon, we will mend.  
 And as I'm an honest Puck,  
 If we have unearned luck <sup>7</sup>  
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, <sup>8</sup>  
 We will make amends, ere long :  
 Else the Puck a liar call :  
 So, good night unto you all.  
 Give me your hands, if we be friends <sup>9</sup>  
 And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.* \*]

<sup>7</sup> ——— *unearned luck.*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue.*] That is, If we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Give me your hands.*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

\* Of this play there are two editions in quarto; one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. I have used the copy of Roberts, very carefully collated, as it seems, with that of Fisher. Neither of the editions approach to exactness. Fisher is sometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Hemings and Condell, and they by all the folios that succeeded them.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.





THE  
MERCHANT  
OF  
VENICE.

## Persons Represented. \*

*DUKE of Venice.*

*Prince of Morocco.*

*Prince of Arragon.*

*Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice.*

*Bassanio, his Friend.*

*Salanio,*

*Solarino,* } *Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*

*Gratiano,*

*Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.*

*Shylock, a Jew.*

*Tubal, a Jew.*

*Launcelot, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.*

*Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.*

*Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.*

*Balthazar,*

*Stéphano,* } *Servants to Portia.*

*Portia, an heiress.*

*Nerissa, waiting-maid to Portia.*

*Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.*

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants, and  
other Attendants.*

**SCENE**, *partly at Venice, and partly at  
Belmont, the Seat of Portia.*

\* In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons.

T H E

# MERCHANT of VENICE.<sup>1</sup>

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A Street in Venice.*

*Enter Anthonio, Solarino, and Salanio.*

A N T H O N I O.

I N foorth, I know not why I am so sad :  
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

<sup>1</sup> The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels, from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should however be remembered, that our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novellists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of this, had been exhibited before Shakespeare's, viz. "The Jew shewn at the Bull, representing the greedinesse of worldly Choosers, and the bloody Mindes of Uturers." These plays, says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and sweete playes, &c.

The Jew of Malta by Marlow neither was performed nor printed till some time after the author's death, which happened in 1593, nor do I know of any other play with the same title. It is therefore not improbable that Shakespeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

STEEVENS.

I am

I am to learn :

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Sal.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your Argosies<sup>2</sup> with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,  
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Sola.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass,<sup>3</sup> to know where sits the wind ;  
Prying<sup>4</sup> in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads.  
And every object that might make me fear  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
Would make me sad.

*Sal.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

<sup>2</sup> *Argosie,*] a ship from Argo. POPE.

Whether it be derived from Argo I am in doubt. It was a name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade.

JOHNSON.

An Argosie meant originally a ship from Ragusa, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Plucking the grass,* &c.] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

*This way I used in shooting. Betwixt the markes was an open place, there I take a feather, or a lytle grasse, and so learned how the wind flood.* ASCHAM. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Prying.*] One of the quartos reads—*peering*. I have chosen the former, because it prevents the jingle which, otherwise, occurs in the line. STEEVENS.

I should

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows, and of flats;  
 And see my wealthy <sup>5</sup> Andrew dock'd in sand,  
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs <sup>6</sup>  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me strait of dangerous rocks?  
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
 Entrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
 But, tell not me;—I know, Anthonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Anth.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Sola.* Why then you are in love.

*Anth.* Fie, fie!

*Sola.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,  
 Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
 For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,

<sup>5</sup> *Andrew*] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.*] In Bullokar's English Expository, 1616, to *vail*, is thus explained: "It means to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission." So in Stephen Gosson's book, called *Playes confuted in several Actions*:—"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

So in Middleton's *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602. "I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake." So in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1613, by Heywood:

———"it did me good  
 "To see the Spanish Carveil *vail* her top  
 "Unto my maiden flag." STEEVENS.



Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,<sup>7</sup>  
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :  
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,<sup>8</sup>  
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;  
 And others of such vinegar-aspect,  
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,<sup>9</sup>  
 Though Nestor swear, the jest be laughable.

*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.*

*Sal.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare you well :  
 We leave you now with better company.

*Sola.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Anth.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
 I take it, your own business calls on you,  
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Sal.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh?  
 say, when?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

<sup>7</sup> — *Now, by two-headed Janus,*] Here Shakespeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus* is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus ; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques : and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

In the Merchant of Venice, we have an oath By *two-headed Janus* ; and here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakespeare shews his knowledge in the antique : and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, “ Like a Janus with a double-face.”

FARMER.

<sup>8</sup> — *peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — *their teeth in way of smile,*] Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

*Sal.*

*Sal.* We'll make our leifures to attend on yours.

*Sola.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,

We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,  
I pray you have in mind, where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you. [*Exeunt Solar. and Sala.*]

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Anthonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Anth.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play his part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool:<sup>9</sup>  
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,  
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:)  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*  
O, my Anthonio, I do know of those,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,

<sup>9</sup> *Let me play the Fool;*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces: from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool.*

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time :  
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
 Come, good Lorenzo : Fare ye well, a while ;  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.<sup>2</sup>

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.  
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Anth.* Fare well : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, 'faith ; for silence is only commend-  
 able

In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*

*Anth.* Is that any thing now ?<sup>3</sup>

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,  
 more than any man in all Venice : his reasons are as  
 two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you  
 shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you  
 have them they are not worth the search.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *would almost damn those ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam, damme, and daunt.* Some more correct copies, *damn.* The author's meaning is this ; That some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounc'd in the Gospel.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times ; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Is that any thing now ?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing new ?* I suppose we should read, *is that any thing new ?*

JOHNSON.

*Anth*

*Anth.* Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same,  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By shewing something a more swelling port,  
Than my faint means would grant continuance :  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate : but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal  
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Anthonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Anth.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extreamest means  
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth ; and by adventring both,  
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth, \*

\* —like a WILFUL youth.] This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read WITLESS, i. e. heedless ; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy ; who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth, he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former fault, or his present designs. JOHNSON.



That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
 To shoot another arrow that self way  
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Anth.* You know me well; and herein spend but  
 time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;  
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
 In making question of my uttermost,  
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.  
 Then do but say to me, what I should do,  
 That in your knowledge may by me done,  
 And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
 And she is fair, and fairer than that word,  
 Of wond'rous virtues; sometime from her eyes  
 I did receive fair speechless messages:  
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd  
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
 For the four winds blow in from every coast  
 Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece:  
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,  
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
 O my Anthonio, had I but the means  
 To hold a rival place with one of them,  
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Anth.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;

<sup>5</sup> —sometimes *from her eyes*.] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.



Nor have I money, nor commodity  
 To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;  
 Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
 That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,  
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
 Go, presently enquire, and so will I,  
 Where money is; and I no question make  
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*A Room in Portia's House at Belmont.*

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awearry  
 of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries  
 were in the same abundance as your good fortunes  
 are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that  
 surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing:  
 it is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the  
 mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but  
 competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well follow'd.

*Por.* If to do, were as easy as to know what were  
 good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor  
 mens cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine,  
 that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach  
 twenty what were good to be done, than be one of  
 the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain  
 may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper  
 leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the  
 youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the  
 cripple. But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse  
 me a husband: O me, the word chuse! I may nei-  
 ther chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dis-  
 like;

like; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection,

*Ner.* First, There is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt,<sup>6</sup> indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady, his mother, play'd false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then, there is the Count Palatine.<sup>7</sup>

*Por.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;]* Though all the editions agree in this reading, I can perceive neither humour, nor reasoning in it. How does talking of horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a man e'er the more a colt? Or, if a *smith* and a *lady of figure* were to have an affair together, would a colt be the issue of their caresses? The word *dolt*, which I have substituted, signifies one of the most stupid and blockish of the vulgar. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, *he can perceive neither humour nor reasoning* in this reading, and therefore alters *colt* to *dolt*; but whatever humour or reasoning there is in the one, there is in the other: for the signification is the same in both. Hen. IV. 1st part, Falstaff says, *What a plague mean you to colt me thus?* And Fletcher constantly uses *colt* for *dolt*. WARBURTON.

*Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See Hen. VIII. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—there is the Count Palatine.]* I am always inclined to believe, that Shakespeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, chuse.* <sup>8</sup> He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he loves me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin,

persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *He hears merry tales, and smiles not.*] From a transcript made by the late Mr. G. Vertue, of the prices paid to the actors of this time for performing before the king, court, &c. I learn, that the Count Palatine was frequently a spectator of the plays of Shakespeare, who possibly not finding him very much disposed to enter into the mirth of his scenes, might have dropped this stroke of satire on him, after he had quitted the kingdom in the manner described by Mr. Johnson. But this is mere conjecture.

STEEVENS.

French,



French, nor Italian; <sup>9</sup> and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, <sup>1</sup> his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his surety, <sup>2</sup> and seal'd under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, <sup>3</sup> the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the

<sup>9</sup> — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> — *Scottish lord,*] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *I think, the Frenchman became his surety.*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humourously satirized. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *How like you the young German,*] In Shakespeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiss of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so call'd.

*Ner.* True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad



glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a faint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me, than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*A publick Place in Venice.*

*Enter Bassanio and Shylock.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats :—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months :—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Anthonio shall become bound :—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me ? will you pleasure me ? shall I know your answer ?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound ?

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Anthonio is a good man.—

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no ;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition : he hath an Argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England ; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats, and water-rats ; water thieves, and land-thieves ; I mean, pirates ; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding—

withstanding, sufficient.—Three thousand ducats :  
I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assur'd, you may.

*Sky.* I will be assur'd, I may ; and that I may be  
assur'd,

I will bethink me. May I speak with Anthonio ?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Sky.* Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation,  
which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil  
into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with  
you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will  
not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.  
What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

*Enter Anthonio.*

*Bass.* This is signior Anthonio.

*Sky.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning Publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a christian :

But more, for that, in low simplicity,

He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip, <sup>4</sup>

I will feed fat the antient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him !

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear ?—

*Sky.* I am debating of my present store ;

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats : what of that ?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

<sup>4</sup>—*catch him once upon the hip.*] A phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers. JOHNSON.

Will furnish me : but soft, how many months  
Do you desire ? Rest you fair, good signior ;

[To *Anth.*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Anth.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,<sup>s</sup>  
I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possiest,  
How much you would ?

*Sky.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Anth.* And for three months.

*Sky.* I had forgot, three months, you told me so:  
Well then, your bond ; and let me see,———But  
hear you,

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

*Anth.* I do never use it.

*Sky.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

*Anth.* And what of him ? did he take interest ?

*Sky.* No, not take interest ; not as you would say,  
Directly, interest : mark, what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the earlings which were streak'd and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank,  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams :  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

<sup>s</sup> —the ripe wants of my friend,] Ripe wants are wants come to the height, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read, *rise wants*, wants that come thick upon him.

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;  
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
 Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;  
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Anth.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;  
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
 Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams ?

*Shy.* I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :—  
 But note me, Signior.

*Anth.* Mark you this, Bassanio ?  
 The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. <sup>6</sup>—  
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
 O, what a goodly outside falshood hath ?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round  
 sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

<sup>6</sup> ——— can cite scripture for his purpose ———  
 O, what a goodly outside falshood hath !]

But this is not true, that falshood hath always a goodly outside.  
 Nor does this take in the force of the speaker's sentiment ; who  
 would observe that that falshood which quotes scripture for its pur-  
 pose, has a goodly outside. We should therefore read,

*O what a goodly outside's falshood hath !*

i. e. *his* falshood, Shylock's. WARBURTON:

I wish any copy would give me authority to range and read the  
 lines thus :

*O, what a godly outside falshood hath !*  
*An evil soul producing holy witness,*  
*Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;*  
*Or goodly apple rotten at the heart.*

Yet there is no difficulty in the present reading. *Falshood*, which  
 as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does  
 not stand for *falshood* in general, but for the dishonesty now oper-  
 ating. JOHNSON.

*Anth.*



*Anth.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

*Sky.* Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me,  
About my monies, and my ufances.  
Still have I born it with a patient shrug;  
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe)  
You call me, misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;  
And all for use of that, which is mine own.  
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help.  
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock, we would have monies;—*You say so;—  
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold;—monies is your suit;  
What should I say to you? should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money? is it possible,  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this,—Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies?*

*Anth.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship take  
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)<sup>7</sup>  
**But** lend it rather to thine enemy;  
**Who**, if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

<sup>7</sup> *A breed of barren metal of his friend?*] A breed, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot like corn and cattle multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

*Sky.*



*Sky.* Why, look you, how you storm ?  
 I would be friends with you, and have your love ;  
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with :  
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me ;  
 This is kind I offer.

*Anth.* This were kindness.

*Sky.* This kindness will I show :—  
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
 If you repay me not on such a day,  
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
 Be nominated for an equal pound  
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Anth.* Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,  
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
 I'll rather<sup>s</sup> dwell in my necessity.

*Anth.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;  
 Within these two months (that's a month before  
 This bond expires) I do expect return  
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Sky.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are !  
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
 The thoughts of others ! pray you, tell me this ;  
 If he should break his day, what should I gain  
 By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
 As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,  
 To buy his favour I extend this friendship ;

<sup>s</sup> —*dwell in my necessity.*] To *dwell* seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Anth.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Sby.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats strait;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>9</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

*Anth.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms,<sup>1</sup> and a villain's mind.

*Anth.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay:  
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> ————*left in the FEARFUL guard, &c.*] But surely *fearful* was the most trusty guard for a house-keeper in a populous city; where houses are not carried by storm like fortresses. For *fear* would keep them on their watch, which was all that was necessary for the owner's security. I suppose therefore Shakespeare wrote,

FEARLESS guard.

i. e. careless; and this, indeed, would expose his house to the only danger he had to apprehend in the day-time, which was clandestine pilfering. This reading is much confirmed by the character he gives this guard, of an *unthrifty knave*, and by what he says of him afterwards, that he was,

—————*a huge feeder:*

*Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day*

More than the wild cat ———— WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has forgotten that *fearful* is not only that which fears, but that which is feared or causes fear. *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors. JOHNSON.

So in Hen. IV. P. I.

“A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *I like not fair terms.*] Kind words, good language.

JOHNSON.

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

## BELMONT.

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four Followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa, and her train. Flourish Cornets.*

## MOROCCO.

**M**ISLIKE me not for my complexion,  
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.<sup>2</sup>  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant;<sup>3</sup> by my love, I swear

<sup>2</sup> *To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.*] To understand how the tawney prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lily liver'd* Lown; again in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkop*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So B. Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "Make him a warrant, (he shall not go) "I but *fear* the knave."

So again in *Hen. VI.* 3d Part:

"Thou seest what's past, go *fear* thy king withal."

So again in the same play;

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

And again in *Hen. IV.* Part II.

"The people *fear* me, for they do observe

"Unfather'd heirs, &c. STEEVENS.

The best regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
\* And hedg'd me by his will to yield myself  
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you ;  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you ;  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,  
That slew the Sophy,<sup>5</sup> and a Persian prince,  
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !  
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;<sup>6</sup>

And

\* *And hedg'd me by his wit—*] I suppose we may safely read, *and hedg'd me by his will*. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *That slew the Sophy, &c.*] Shakespeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *So is Alcides beaten by his rage.*] Though the whole set of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten



And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain;  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance:  
And either not attempt to chuse at all,  
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage. Therefore be advis'd.<sup>7</sup>

*Mor.* Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple:—After dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then, [Cornets.  
To make me blest, or curst'st among men.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Changes to Venice.*

*Enter Launcelot \* alone.*

*Laun.* Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away,*

beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenomed shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains? This one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation, I have substituted *page* instead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *Therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what we are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*.

JOHNSON.

\* The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play he is called so at most of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

My conscience says, *no*; take heed, *honest Launcelot*; take heed, *honest Gobbo*; or, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo*; do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens*, rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, *my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*, or rather an honest woman's son——(for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to: he had a kind of taste.)——well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*; budge, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man; you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not.—I will try conclusions<sup>s</sup> with him.

<sup>s</sup> *To try conclusions.*] —So the old quarto. The first folio, by a mere blunder, reads, *try confusions*, which, because it makes a kind of paltry jest, has been copied by all the editors.

JOHNSON.

*Gob.*

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* <sup>9</sup> Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly unto the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of youngmaster Launcelot? (mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters;) Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, fir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, fir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man: *ergo*; I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

<sup>9</sup> *Turn up, on your right-hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction, to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the Brothers of Terence:

——— *ubi eas præterieris,*

*Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*

*Ita ad dextram: prius quam ad portam venias, &c.*

WARBURTON.

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman : but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul) alive or dead ?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father ?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am fand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long ; a man's son may ; but in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be<sup>1</sup>.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not, what I shall think of that : but I am Launcelot the Jew's man ; and, I am sure, Margery your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed :—I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how thou art chang'd ! How dost thou

<sup>1</sup> *Your child that shall be.*] The distinction between *boy* and *son* is obvious, but *child* seems to have some meaning, which is now lost. JOHNSON.

Launcelot, by *your child that shall be*, may mean, that his duty to his father shall, for the future, shew him to be his child. It became necessary for him to say something of that sort, after all the tricks he had been playing him. STEEVENS.



and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter; I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man; to him, father;—for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.*

*Bass.* You may do so.—But let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy; would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.——

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

*Gob.* His master and he, (serving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

*Gob.*

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is——

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to my self, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both. What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well. Thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father with thy son:

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out.—Give him a livery,

[To his followers.

More guarded<sup>2</sup> than his fellows: see it done,

*Laun.* Father, in. I cannot get a service, no;— I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—<sup>3</sup> Well, [looking on his palm] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which

<sup>2</sup> —more guarded.] i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.] The position of the words makes the sentence somewhat obscure: Their natural order should be this; Well, if any man in Italy, which doth offer to swear upon a book, have a fairer table, I shall have good luck. And the humour of the passage seems this: Launcelot, a joker, and designedly a blunderer, says the reverse of what he should do: which is, That if no man in Italy, who would offer to take his oath upon it, hath a fairer table than he, he shall have good fortune. The banter may, partly, be on chiromancy in general: but it is very much in character for Launcelot, who is a hungry serving-man, to

which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.<sup>4</sup>—Here are simple 'scapes! Well,

to consider his table before his line of life, or any other points of fortune. THEOBALD.

*Fairer Table.*] The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. So Ben Jonson in his *Mask of gypsies* to the lady Elizabeth Hatton:

*Mistress of a fairer table,  
Hath not history nor fable.*

*Which doth offer to swear upon a book, &c.*] This nonsense seems to have taken its rise from the accident of a lost line in transcribing the play for the press; so that the passage, for the future, should be printed thus,—*Well, if any man in Italy, have a fairer table, which doth \*\*\*\*\* offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune.* It is impossible to find, again, the lost line: but the lost sense is easy enough—*if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth* [promise luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] *offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.*

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald's note is as obscure as the passage. It may be read more than once before the complication of ignorance can be completely disentangled. Table is the palm expanded. What Mr. Theobald conceives it to be cannot easily be discovered, but he thinks it somewhat that promises a full belly.

Dr. Warburton understood the word, but puzzles himself with no great success in the pursuit of the meaning. The whole matter is this: Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expounding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well*, says he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *In peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.*] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, *O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la pointe d'un Oreiller, qu'à m'être rompue le Cou.*—

WARBURTON.

if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer. Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Laun. and Gob.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this : These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance : hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Where is your master ?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit Leonardo.]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,——

*Bass.* Gratiano !

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must :—But hear thee, Gratiano,

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they shew  
Something too liberal ;<sup>5</sup> pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild behaviour,  
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me :  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then ;  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;

<sup>5</sup> *Something too liberal.*] Liberal I have already shewn to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.



Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;  
 Use all the observance of civility,  
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>6</sup>  
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage  
 me

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on  
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
 That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
 I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest:  
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Changes to Shylock's house.*

*Enter Jessica and Launcelot.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;  
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:  
 But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.  
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
 Give him this letter; do it secretly,  
 And so farewell: I would not have my father  
 See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—Tears exhibit my tongue. [*aside.*]  
 Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Chris-  
 tian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much

<sup>6</sup> ————*sad ostent.*] Grave appearance; shew of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

deceiv'd.

deceiv'd. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit : adieu ! [Exit.

*Jes.* Farewel, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be aſham'd to be my father's child !  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife ;  
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

### T H E S T R E E T.

*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time,  
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Sal.* We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers<sup>7</sup>.

*Sola.* 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered ;  
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four a-clock ; we have two hours  
To furniſh us.

*Enter Launcelot, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

*Laun.* An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it  
ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

*Lor.* I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on,  
Is the fair hand that writ.

<sup>7</sup> — torch-bearers.] See the note in Rom. & Jul. act I. ſc. 4.  
We have not *spoke as yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &c.  
Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope reads—“ *spoke as yet*.”—

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold, here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her:—Speak it privately; go—Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit Laun.*]

*Sal.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

*Sola.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Sal.* 'Tis good we do so. [*Exit.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,  
How I shall take her from her father's house;  
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot;  
Unless she do it under this excuse,  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest.  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Shylock's house.*

*Enter Shylock and Launcelot.*]

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—

And

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out :

Why, Jessica, I say !

*Laun.* Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call ? I did not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter Jessica.*

*Jes.* Call you ? What is your will ?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;  
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?  
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :  
But yet I'll go in hate,<sup>8</sup> to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together.—I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do,  
<sup>9</sup> then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleed-

—————<sup>8</sup> *To feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.]*

Shakespeare has made Shylock forget his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat, drink, nor pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup>—then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last.] “ *Black-Monday* is a moveable day ; it is “ *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion : In the 34th “ of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the “ city of Paris ; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and “ so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses’ backs with “ the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the “ *Blacke-Monday*.” Stowe, p. 264—6. GRAY.

ing



ing on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Sky.* What! are there masques? Hear you me; Jessica,

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking ' of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd fates:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to night:  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:  
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir:  
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewels' eye.

[*Exit Laun.*]

*Sky.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing else.

*Sky.* The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder;  
Snail-slow in profit; but he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;  
Therefore I part with him; and part with him  
To one, that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately;  
Do, as I bid you:—

Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find*;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*]

*Jes.* Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

<sup>1</sup> —*the vile squeaking.*] The folio and one of the quartos read *squealing.* STEEVENS.

## SCENE VI.

## THE STREET.

*Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desired us to make a stand.

*Sal.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Sal.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly<sup>1</sup> To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast, With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again

<sup>1</sup> O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly.] This is a very odd image, of Venus's pigeons flying to seal the bonds of love. The sense is obvious, and we know the dignity due to Venus's pigeons. There was certainly a joke intended here, which the ignorance or boldness of the first transcribers has murdered: I doubt not but Shakespeare wrote the line thus:

O, ten times faster Venus' widgeons fly  
To seal, &c.

For *widgeon* signified metaphorically, a *silly fellow*, as *goose*, or *gudgeon*, does now. The calling love's votaries, *Venus's widgeons* is in high humour. Butler uses the same joke in speaking of the Presbyterians;

*Tb' apostls of this fierce religion,  
Like Mahomet's, were asfs and widgeon.*

Mahomet's asf or rather mule was famous: and the monks in their fabulous accounts of him said, he taught a pigeon to pick peas out of his ears to carry on the ends of this impostor.

WARBURTON.

I believe the poet wrote as the editors have printed. How it is so very *high humour* to call lovers *widgeons* rather than *pigeons*, I cannot find. Lovers have in poetry been alway called *Turtles*, or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

His

His tedious measures with the unbated fire,  
 That he did pace them first? all things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
 How like a younker,<sup>2</sup> or a prodigal,  
 The skarfed bark puts from her naked bay,  
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
 How like the prodigal doth she return,  
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Sal.* Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
 abode:

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
 I'll watch as long for you then; approach;  
 Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

*Jessica above in boy's cloaths.*

*Jes.* Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,  
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
 For whom love I so much? and now who knows,  
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesses, that  
 thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.  
 I am glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
 For I am much asham'd of my exchange:°  
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

<sup>2</sup> —a younker.] All the old copies read a younger.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, goodsooth, are too, too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

*[Exit from above.]*

*Gra.* Now by my hood, a Gentile,<sup>3</sup> and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter Jessica below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Anthonio.*

*Anth.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Anthonio?

*Anth.* Fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you:—  
No masque to night;—the wind is come about,  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

<sup>3</sup> —a Gentile, and no Jew.] A jest rising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

*Gra.*



*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight  
Than to be under fail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

## BELMONT.

*Enter Portia with the Prince of Morocco and both their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince.  
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discovered.*]

*Mor.* The first of gold, which this inscription bears;  
*Who chuseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
The second silver, which this promise carries;—  
*Who chuseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;<sup>4</sup>—  
*Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*—  
How shall I know if I do chuse the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince:  
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some God direct my judgment! Let me see,  
I will survey the inscriptions back again;  
What says this leaden casket;  
*Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
Must give?—For what? for lead? hazard, for lead?  
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,  
Do it in hope of fair advantages:  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;  
I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.  
What says the silver with her virgin hue?  
*Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand.  
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

<sup>4</sup> *as blunt.*] That is, as gross as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough  
 May not extend so far as to the lady ;  
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,  
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
 As much as I deserve !—why, that's the lady :  
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;  
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
 What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here ?—  
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.  
*Who chuseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
 Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :  
 From the four corners of the earth they come  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
 The Hircanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
 Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,  
 For princes to come view fair Portia.  
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,  
 As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.  
 Is't like that lead contains her ? 'twere damnation  
 To think so base a thought : it were too gross  
 To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?  
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon ;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lyes all within. Deliver me the key ;  
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may !

*Por.* There take it, prince, and if my form lye  
 there,

Then I am yours.

*[Unlocking the gold casket.*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scrowl? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told.  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold.  
Gilded tombs do worms infold: <sup>5</sup>  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscrol'd; <sup>6</sup>  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold, indeed; and labour lost:  
Then farewell, heat; and welcome frost.  
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave.—Thus losers part. [*Exit.*

*Por.* A gentleriddance:—draw the curtains; go—  
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. <sup>7</sup> [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE

<sup>5</sup> *Gilded wood may worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

*Gilded timber do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made

*Gilded wood may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakespeare wrote.

*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repository of a *death's-head*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Your answer had not been inscrol'd;*] Since there is an answer *inscrol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read *this*. When the words were written *y<sup>r</sup>* and *y<sup>s</sup>*, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Chuse me so.*] The old quarto edition of 1600 has no distribution of acts, but proceeds from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play therefore having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be

## SCENE VIII.

*Changes to Venice.**Enter Solarino and Salanio.*

*Sal.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;  
With him is Gratiano gone along ;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Sola.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Sal.* He came too late, the ship was under sail :  
But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a Gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :  
Besides Anthonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Sola.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets ;  
*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !  
Fled with a Christian ? O my Christian ducats !—  
Justice ! the law !—My ducats, and my daughter !—  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !  
And Jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
Stol'n by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl !  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

*Sal.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Sola.* Let good Anthonio look he keep his day ;  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Sal.* Marry, well remember'd.  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;  
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part

proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care ; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

The



The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:  
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me,  
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

*Sola.* You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Sal.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth,  
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
Of his return: he answer'd, *Do not so.*

*Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time;  
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in<sup>s</sup> your mind of love;*

*Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,  
As shall conveniently become you there.*

And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him.  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*Sola.* I think, he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>9</sup>  
With some delight or other,

*Sal.* Do we so,

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

<sup>s</sup> —*your mind of love.*] So all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

*Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakespeare. So *Merry Wives*, act ii. sc. 7.

"*Quick.* —desires you to send her your little page of all  
"loves," i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

*Your mind of love* may however in this instance mean—*your loving mind, or your mind which should now be intent only on love.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*EMBRACED heaviness.*] This unmeaning epithet would make me choose rather to read,

ENRACED

## SCENE IX.

## BELMONT.

*Enter Nerissa with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick,—I pray thee, draw the curtain  
strait ;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his train, Portia. Flourish of cornets.  
The Caskets are discovered.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:  
If you chuse that, wherein I am contain'd,  
Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd :  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things.  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose ;—next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

ENRACED heaviness,

from the French *enraciner*, *accrescere*, *inveterascere*. So in Much  
ado about Nothing,

*I could not have owed her a more ROOTED love.*

And again in Othello,

*With one of an INGRAFT infirmity.*      WARBURTON.

Of Dr. Warburton's correction it is only necessary to observe,  
that it has produced a new word, which cannot be received with-  
out necessity. When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed  
to me not improbable that Shakespeare had written *entranced bea-  
viness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know  
not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which  
has no uncommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now,  
*that he hugs his sorrows*, and why might not Anthonio *embrace  
beaviness*.      JOHNSON.

*Por.*

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me.<sup>1</sup> Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see—  
*Who chuseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire,—That many may be meant  
Of the fool-multitude, that chuse by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.  
I will not chuse what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:—  
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear.  
*Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;*  
And well said too; for who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
How many be commanded, that command?  
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned  
From the true seed of honour?<sup>2</sup> and how much honour  
Pick'd

<sup>1</sup> *And so I have address'd me.*] So in *Hen. V. To-morrow for our march we are address'd.* The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour?*]

The meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among the  
great*

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 'To be new varnished?' Well, but to my choice;  
*Who chuseth me shall get as much as he deserves:*  
 I will assume desert; Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
 there. *[Unlocking the silver casket.]*

*Ar.* What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.  
 —How much unlike art thou to Portia?  
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?  
*Who chuses me shall have as much as he deserves.*  
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

*great, and how much greatness among the mean.* But since men are  
 always said to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the sen-  
 tence had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech  
 if it had been written thus,

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd  
 From the true seed of honour? how much honour  
 Glean'd from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *how much honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd?—]*

This confusion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that  
 Shakespeare wrote,

*To be new vanned. ———*

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which  
 is derived from the Latin *Vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* used for  
 winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the  
 metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same  
 thought. So in the 2d Part of Hen. IV.

*We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff.*

WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his meta-  
 phors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty  
 as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs  
 not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think  
 of changing the word *rain* into *rowing*, which in some counties  
 of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass  
 which is cut in autumn. STEEVENS.



Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never chuse amiss.  
Some there be, that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd o'er, and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to-bed,<sup>4</sup>  
I will ever be your head:  
So be gone, fir, you are sped.*

*Ar.* Still more fool I shall appear,  
By the time I linger here.

With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu!—I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroath.<sup>5</sup> [Exit. }

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy;  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

<sup>4</sup> *Take what wife you will to bed.*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —to bear my wrath.] The old editions read—"to bear my wroath." *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the misery of another*. STEEVENS.

*Por.*

*Por.* Here; What would my lord?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord:  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,  
Thoul't say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Street in Venice.*

*Enter Salanio and Solarino.*

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?  
*Sal.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that  
Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the  
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the  
place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the  
carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if  
my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

*Sola.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that,  
as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours be-  
lieve, she wept for the death a third husband. But  
it

it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

*Sal.* Come, the full stop.

*Sola.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Sola.* Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; <sup>6</sup> for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter Shylock.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Sal.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Sola.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Sal.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Sola.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Sal.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bank-

<sup>6</sup> ———[*lest the devil cross my prayer.*] But the prayer was Salanio's. The other only, as clerk, says *Amen* to it. We must therefore read—thy prayer. WARBURTON.

rupt, a prodigal, <sup>7</sup> who dares scarce shew his head on the Rialto :—a beggar that us'd to come so smug upon the mart ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer :—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

*Sal.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh : what's that good for ?

*Sky.* To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million ; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? if you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a bankrupt, a prodigal.* ] This is spoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal ? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal ; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him.

——— *I'll go in hate to feed upon*  
The *prodigal* Christian ———

But Antonio was a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant ; be assured therefore we should read, ——— *A bankrupt FOR a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend.

JOHNSON.

sufferance



sufferance be by Christian example? why, Revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Sal.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter Tubal.*

*Sola.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew:

*[Exeunt Sala. and Sola.]*

*Sky.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Sky.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone; cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O, would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing, no tears, but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes; other men have ill luck too; Anthonio; as I heard in Genoa—

*Sky.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* Hath an Argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Sky.* I thank God, I thank God: Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Sky.* I thank thee, good Tubal ; Good news, good news : ha ! ha ! where ? in Genoa ?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

*Sky.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me : I shall never see my gold again : fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

*Sky.* I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Sky.* Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : —It was my *Turquoise*, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor<sup>s</sup> : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*Tub.* But Anthonio is certainly undone.

*Sky.* Nay, that's true, that's very true : go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchan-

<sup>s</sup> — *It was my Turquoise, I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor.*] As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this *Turquoise* on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the *Turkey-stone*, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer encreased or grew less. To this B. Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus* :

“ And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring ;

“ Look well, or ill with him.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer. STEEVENS.

dize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

## BELMONT.

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.*

*The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry;—pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong  
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.  
There's something tells me, but it is not love,  
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality.  
But lest you should not understand me well,  
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn;  
So will I never be: so you may miss me;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;  
One-half of me is yours, the other half yours,  
Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;  
And so all yours. Oh! these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their rights:  
And so though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,<sup>9</sup>  
Let fortune go to hell for it,—Not I.<sup>1</sup>

I speak

<sup>9</sup> *And so though yours, not yours.—Prove it so.]* It may be more grammatically read,

*And so though yours I'm not yours.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.]* This line is very obscure. The form of the expression alludes to what she had said of being  
M 2 forsworn.

I speak too long ; but 'tis to piece the time,  
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me chuse ;  
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :  
There may as well be amity and life  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,  
Had been the very sum of my confession.  
O happy torment, when my torturer

forsworn. After some struggle, she resolves to keep her oath : and then says, *Let fortune go to hell for it.* For what ! not for telling or favouring Bassanio, which was the temptation she then lay under : for fortune had taken no oath. And, surely, for the more favouring a man of merit, fortune did not deserve (considering how rarely she transgresses this way) so severe a sentence. Much less could the speaker, who favour'd Bassanio, think so. The meaning then must be, *Let fortune rather go to hell for not favouring Bassanio, than I for favouring him.* So loosely does our author sometimes use his pronouns—*not I* does not signify *Let not I go to hell* ; for then it should be *Let not me.* But it is a distinct sentence of itself : and is a very common proverbial speech, signifying, I will have nothing to do with it. Which if the Oxford editor had considered, he might have spared his pains in changing *I* into *me.* WARBURTON.

The meaning is, “ If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath.” REVISAL.

Doth



Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then! I am lock'd in one of them;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—  
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in musick. That the comparison  
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream  
And wat'ry death-bed for him.—He may win;  
And what is musick then? then musick is  
Even as the flourish, when the subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
With no less presence,<sup>2</sup> but with much more love,  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With bleared visages come forth to view  
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay<sup>3</sup>  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*

<sup>2</sup> *With no less presence.*] With the same dignity of mien.<sup>3</sup>

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay  
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.*]

One of the quartos reads;

*Live then, I live with much more dismay  
To view the fight, than, &c.*

The folio, 1623, thus;

*Live thou, I live with much more dismay  
I view the fight, than, &c.*

The other quartos give the present reading. JOHNSON.

*A song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,  
In the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply. <sup>4</sup>

*It is engender'd in the eyes  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let us all ring fancy's knell.  
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.*

All.

*Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. —So may the outward shows <sup>5</sup> be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious voice, <sup>6</sup>  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,

<sup>4</sup> Reply.] These words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except sir T. Hanmer's, put as a verse in the song, but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> So may the outward shows.] He begins abruptly, the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —gracious voice.] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

Making them lightest that wear most of it.  
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty;<sup>7</sup> in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,  
 Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,  
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;<sup>8</sup>  
 And here chuse I. Joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rain thy joy,<sup>9</sup> scant this excess;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

For

<sup>7</sup> *Indian beauty.*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads,

——— *Indian dowdy.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Thy paleness, moves me more than eloquence;*] Bassanio is displeased at the golden *casket* for its *gawdiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness*; but, what! is he charm'd with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeased him in the silver? The poet certainly wrote,

*Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence:*

This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the *antithesis* between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casket*;

*This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt.* WARB.

<sup>9</sup> *In measure rain thy joy.* ———] The first quarto edition reads,

*In measure range thy joy.*

M 4

The

For fear I surfeit ! [Opening the leaden casket.

*Bass.* What find I here ?

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What Demy-god  
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips  
Parted with fugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to intrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd.<sup>1</sup> Yet look how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scrawl,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

The folio and one of the quartos,

*In measure raine thy joy.*

I once believ'd Shakespeare meant,

*In measure rein thy joy.*

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only where the copies vary some suspicion of error is always raised. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakespeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Methinks it should have pow'r to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd :—*

I know not how *unfinish'd* has intruded without notice into the later editions, as the quartos and folio have *unfurnished*, which Sir Tho. Hanmer has received. Perhaps it might be,

*And leave himself unfurnish'd.*

JOHNSON.



*You that chuse not by the view,  
 Chance as fair, and chuse as true!  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content, and seek no new.  
 If you be well pleas'd with this,  
 And hold your fortune for your blifs,  
 Turn you where your Lady is,  
 And claim her with a loving kifs.*

A gentle scowl ;—Fair lady, by your leave—

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give and to receive.  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt,  
 Whether those <sup>2</sup> peals of praise be his or no ;  
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,  
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

*Por.* You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
 Such as I am. Tho', for myself alone,  
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
 To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,  
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,  
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
 More rich ; that, to stand high in your account,  
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
 Is sum of something ; <sup>3</sup> which, to term in gross,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :

<sup>2</sup> *Peals.*] The second 4to reads, *Pearles* of praise. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Is sum of something,—*] We should read, *SOME of something*, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account ; which she explains in the following line. Warburton.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads,

*Is sum of nothing.*——

STEEVENS.

Happy

Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn ; and happier than this,  
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
 This house, these servants, and this same myself  
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;  
 Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,  
 Let it preface the ruin of your love,  
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
 And there is such confusion in my powers,  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;  
 Where every something, being blent together,  
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 Exprest, and not exprest. But when this ring  
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;  
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
 To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord and lady !

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
 For, I am sure, you can wish none <sup>4</sup> from me :  
 And when your honours mean to solemnize  
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
 Even at that time I may be married too.

<sup>4</sup> ———you can wish none from me:] That is, none away from me ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship; you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:  
For wooing here until I sweat again,  
And swearing till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Atchiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?  
What, and my old Venetian friend, *Salanio*?

*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord; they are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,  
My

My purpose was not to have seen you here;  
 But meeting with Salanio by the way,  
 He did intreat me, past all saying nay,  
 To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did, my lord,  
 And I have reason for't. Signior Anthonio  
 Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
 I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
 Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
 Will shew you his estate. [*Bassanio opens a letter.*]

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger: bid her welcome.  
 Your hand, Salanio; What's the news from Venice?  
 How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?  
 I know, he will be glad of our success:  
 We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

*Sal.* Would you had won the fleece, that he hath  
 lost!

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon' same  
 paper;  
 That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:  
 Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
 Could turn so much the constitution  
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!  
 With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,  
 And I must have the half of any thing  
 That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,  
 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,  
 That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
 When I did first impart my love to you,  
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;  
 And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,  
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How



How much I was a braggart : When I told you,  
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you,  
 That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,  
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
 Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,  
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,  
 The paper as the body of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio ?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd ? what not one hit ?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, from England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?  
 And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks ?

*Sal.* Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it. Never did I know  
 A creature, that did bear the the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.  
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night.  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,  
 The duke himself and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.†

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear,  
 To Tubal, and to Chus, his country-men,  
 That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh,  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me ; the kindest man,  
 The

<sup>5</sup> The best condition'd :—an unweary'd spirit  
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.  
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend ;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :  
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come,—away !  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.  
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer ;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
—But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass. reads.* *SWEET Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

<sup>5</sup> The best condition'd AND unweary'd spirit  
In doing courtesies ;——]

To be read and pointed thus,

*The best condition'd : AN unweary'd spirit.*

WARBURTON.

*Por.*

*Por.* O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste : but, 'till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Changes to a Street in Venice.*

*Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Gaoler.*

*Sky.* Gaoler, look to him ;——Tell not me of mercy ;——

This is the fool, that lent out money gratis ;——

Gaoler, look to him.

*Anth.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Sky.* I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause ;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art<sup>o</sup> so fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

*Anth.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Sky.* I'll have my bond ;——I will not hear thee speak :——

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

*Sola.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

<sup>o</sup> ——*so fond,*] i. e. so foolish.

*Anth.* Let him alone ;  
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers :  
 He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :  
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
 Many that have at times made moan to me.  
 Therefore he hates me.

*Sola.* I am sure, the duke  
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Anth.* The duke cannot deny the course of law ;<sup>7</sup>  
 For the commodity that strangers have  
 With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,  
 Will much impeach the justice of the state ;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go ;  
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
 Well, gaoler, on—Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

## B E L M O N T.

*Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
 You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of God-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,

<sup>7</sup> *The duke cannot deny, &c.—*] As the reason here given seems a little perplexed, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the duke stop the course of law it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever. WARBURTON.



How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
 I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent of doing good,  
 And shall not now : for in companions  
 That do converse and waste the time together,  
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
 There must needs be a like proportion  
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,  
 Being the bosom-lover of my lord,  
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,

<sup>8</sup> *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke, &c.*] The folio 1623, reads *egal*, which I believe in Shakespeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's.

“ I will presume hym so to dignifie

“ Yet be not *egall*.” Prol. to the Remedy of Love.

So in Gorboduc :

“ Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.*—] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *fates*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must need be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In “ The learned and true Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582,” it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones, —he calls them *Arthur's lineaments three times translated*; and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen, &c.* STEEVENS.

In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?  
 This comes too near the praising of myself;<sup>1</sup>  
 Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things.——  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return. For mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return.  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
 Not to deny this imposition;  
 The which my love, and some necessity  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!  
*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jes. and Lor.*

Now, Balthazar,

<sup>1</sup> *This comes too near, &c.*] In former editions,

*This comes too near the praising of myself;  
 Therefore no more of it; here other things;  
 Lorenzo, I commit, &c.*

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it; says, She'll say no more of that sort; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescrib'd by Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,  
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
<sup>2</sup> In speed to Padua; see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;  
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give  
 thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
 Unto the Traiect,<sup>3</sup> to the common ferry  
 Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words;  
 But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand,  
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,  
 Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
 That they shall think we are accomplished  
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
 When we are both apparell'd like young men,  
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
 And speak between the change of man and boy,  
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays,

<sup>2</sup> *In speed to Mantua:*] Thus all the old copies; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done, *In speed to Padua*: for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards;—*A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, now come from Padua*—And again, *Come you from Padua, from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from Padua, from Bellario*.—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *Unto the Traiect,*] The old copies concur in reading, *Unto the Traiect*, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was very probably a word current in the time of our author.

STEEVENS.

Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
 How honourable ladies fought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd ;  
 I could not do with all :—then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men ?

*Por.* Fie, what a question's that,  
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter ?  
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
 When I am in my coach ; which stays for us  
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,  
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Launcelot and Jessica.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly :—for, look you, the sins of the  
 father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I  
 promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with  
 you ; and so now I speak my agitation of the matter :  
 Therefore be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think, you  
 are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do  
 you any good ; and that is but a kind of a bastard  
 hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your fa-  
 ther got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So  
 the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by  
 father, and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your  
 father,



father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for mony.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : Here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launcelot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the *Moor* is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, <sup>4</sup> that the *Moor* should be *more* than reason : but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is, indeed, *more* than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, firrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

<sup>4</sup> *It is much that the Moor should be more, &c.*] This brings to mind the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has no higher degree of humour to boast of.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te Pontia Mori*

*Quis bene moratam morigeramque negat ?* STEEVENS.

*Laun.* That is done, fir ; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you !  
then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, fir ; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, fir ?

*Laun.* Not so, fir, neither ; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, fir, it shall be serv'd in ; for the meat, fir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, fir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited !  
The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words ; And I do know  
A many fools that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica ?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife ?

*Jes.* Past all expressing : It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth :  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason, he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two Gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else

<sup>5</sup> *How his words are suited.*] I believe the meaning is : What a series or suite of words he has independent of meaning ; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter.

JOHNSON.

Pawn'd

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things,  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Senate-house in Venice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.*

DUKE.

**W**HAT, is Anthonio here?

*Anth.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Anth.* I have heard,  
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

N 4

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Sal.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter Shylock.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange,  
Than is thy strange apparent <sup>6</sup> cruelty.  
And, <sup>7</sup> where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
<sup>8</sup> Enough to press a royal merchant down,

And

<sup>6</sup> *apparent* ] That is, *seeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Enough to press a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shews the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and the Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the terra firma; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent



And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;  
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Sky.* I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath<sup>9</sup> have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;  
 But, say, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

\* — I'll NOT answer that.

But say, it is my humour. — ]

This Jew is the strangest fellow. He is asked a question; says he will not answer it; in the very next line says, he has answered it, and then spends the ten following lines to justify and explain his answer. Who can doubt then, but we should read,

— I'll NOW answer that,

BY SAYING, 'tis my humour.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has mistaken the sense. The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you?

JOHNSON.

Some

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;<sup>2</sup>  
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine. For affection,<sup>3</sup>  
 Masters of passion, sway it to the mood

<sup>2</sup> ———a gaping pig;] So in Webster's Dutcheſs of Malſy,  
 1623;

"He could not abide to ſee a pig's head gaping;

"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

STEEVENſ.

<sup>3</sup> Cannot contain their urine, &c.] Mr. Rowe reads,

*Cannot contain their urine for affection.*

*Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood*

*Of what it likes, or loaths.*

*Maſterleſs paſſion* Mr. Pope has ſince copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the paſſage,

*Cannot contain their urine; for affection,*

*Maſter of paſſion, ſways it, &c.*

And then *it* is govern'd of *paſſion*: and the two old quarto's and folio's read——*Maſters of paſſion, &c.*

It may be objected, that *affection* and *paſſion* mean the ſame thing. But I obſerve, the writers of our author's age made a diſtinction: as Jonſon in Sejanus:

———*He hath ſtudied*

*Affection's paſſions, knows their ſprings and ends.*

And then, in this place, *affection* will ſtand for that *ſympathy* or *antipathy* of ſoul, by which we are provok'd to ſhew a *liking* or *diſguſt* in the working of our *paſſions*. THEOBALD.

*Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood.*] The two old quarto's and folio read,

MASTERS OF *paſſion*.

And this is certainly right. He is ſpeaking of the power of ſound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *maſters of paſſion* (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians) ſway the paſſions or affections as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural!

WARBURTON.

Of

Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer.  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 † Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force

<sup>4</sup> *Why he, a woollen bag-pipe.*] This incident Shakespeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. sect. 6.* he has these words, *Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakespeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam* which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so Shakespeare translates it by *AFFECTION*;

*Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.*

Which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

As for *affection*, those that know how to operate upon the passions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it. JOHNSON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled, *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakespeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may just add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by Lord Bacon, sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

*Woollen bag-pipe.*] As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in this reading, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the authour wrote *wooden bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*.

JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

HAWKINS.

Must

Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
 As to offend, himself being offended ;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing  
 I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty,

*Sky.* I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

*Sky.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Sky.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

*Anth.* I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.  
 You may as well use question with the wolf,  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.  
 You may as well do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder ?)  
 His Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no farther means ;  
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency  
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Sky.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

*Sky.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?



You have among you many a purchas'd slave,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,  
 The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment. Answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,<sup>6</sup>  
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
 Come here to-day.

*Sal.* My lord, here stays, without,  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Anth.* I am a tainted weather of the flock,

<sup>5</sup> *Many a purchas'd slave.*] This argument considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Bellario, a learned doctor,*  
*Whom I have sent for*—————]

The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskilfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely, but how should this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

Meetest

Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit  
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.  
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your  
 grace.

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Sky.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt  
 there.

*Gra.* <sup>7</sup> Not on thy foal, but on thy foul, harsh Jew,  
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,  
 No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Sky.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,  
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd !  
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
 That souls of animals infuse themselves  
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit  
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires  
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Sky.* 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,  
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :  
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

<sup>7</sup> *Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.]* This lost jingle  
 Mr. Theobald found again ; but knew not what to make of it  
 when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase, *'Tho' thou thinkest  
 that thou art whetting thy knife on the foal of thy shoe, yet it is upon  
 thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd ! the conceit is, that his soul  
 was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

WARBURTON.

To

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court.—  
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart. Some three or four of  
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place:—  
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

*Y*OUR Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt  
of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant  
that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with  
me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I ac-  
quainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew  
and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books  
together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, bet-  
tered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I can-  
not enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity,  
to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you,  
let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a  
reverend estimation: for I never knew so young a body  
with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious ac-  
ceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

*Enter Portia, dress'd like a doctor of laws.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes;  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

—Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference,  
That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.*

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

—You stand within his danger, do you not ?

[*To Anth.*

*Anth.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Anth.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd ;  
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings :  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the mony ?

*Bass.*



*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
 Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth.<sup>8</sup> And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority.  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice ;  
 Can alter a decree established :  
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
 And many an error, by the same example,  
 Will rush into the state :—It cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel.  
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd  
 thee.

*Shy.* An oath, oath,—I have an oath in heaven :  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
 No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful ;  
 Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;  
 You know the law ; your exposition  
 Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,  
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
 Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear ;

<sup>8</sup> *Malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppresses honesty, a *true* man in old language is an *honest* man. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Anth.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why, then thus it is :  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Sky.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Sky.* 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Sky.* Ay, his breast ;  
So says the bond ; doth it not, noble judge ?  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the  
flesh ?

*Sky.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

*Sky.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Por.* It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

*Sky.* I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

*Anth.* But little : I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

——Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare ye well !

Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein fortune shews herself more kind,  
Than is her custom. It is still her use,  
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell

Tell her the process of Anthonio's end;  
 Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;  
 And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
 Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend,  
 And he repents not, that he pays your debt;  
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Anthonio, I am married to a wife,  
 Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.  
 I would lose all; ay, sacrifice them all  
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for  
 that,  
 If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:  
 I would, she were in heaven, so she could  
 Intreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;  
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Sby.* These be the Christian husbands. I have a  
 daughter;  
 'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas  
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*

—We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
 thine,

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Sby.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;  
 The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Sby.* Most learned judge!—A sentence;—come,  
 prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.  
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
 One drop of Christian blood : thy lands and goods  
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
 Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O learned judge !

*Sby.* Is that the law ?

*Per.* Thyself shalt see the act :  
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge !—Mark, Jew—a learned judge !

*Sby.* I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,  
 And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the mony.

*Per.* Soft ;  
 The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste—  
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

*Per.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
 Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
 But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more  
 Or less, than just a pound, be it but so much  
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance,  
 On the division of the twentieth part  
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn  
 But in the estimation of a hair,  
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !  
 —Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Per.* Why doth the Jew pause ?—take thy forfeiture.

*Sby.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Per.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;

He



He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Sby.* Shall I not barely have my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Sby.* Why, then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew;  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That, by direct, or indirect attempts  
He seeks the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffers of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang  
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou may'st see the difference of our  
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.  
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

*Sky.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Anth.* So please my lord the duke, and all the  
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, <sup>9</sup> so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it

Upon his death unto the gentleman,

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more,—That for this favour

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

*Sky.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Sky.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *I am content, &c.*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——*thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

To

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

*Duke.* Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ; \*  
I must away this night to Padua,  
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.  
——Anthonio, gratify this gentleman ;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his train.*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Anth.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd ;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,  
And therein do account myself well paid ;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.  
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,  
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.  
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle ;

\* ——*grace of pardon ;*] Thus the old copies : the modern editors read, less harshly, but without authority. ——*your grace's pardon.* The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello*.—*I humbly do beseech you of your pardon.* STEEVENS.

I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this.  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enmity for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exit with Nerissa.*]

*Anth.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
Unto Anthonio's house.—Away, make haste.  
—Come, you and I will thither presently;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Por.* Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,

And



And be a day before our husbands home.  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,  
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth intreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be :  
This ring I do accept most thankfully.  
And so I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,  
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring : [To *Por.*  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old  
    swearing,  
That they did give the rings away to men ;  
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.  
— Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will  
    tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you shew me to this  
    house ? [Exeunt.

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Belmont.* A grove, or green place, before Portia's house.

*Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*

L O R E N Z O.

**T**HE moon shines bright :—in such a night as  
    this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And

And they did make no noise ; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,  
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew ;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* And in such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear, he lov'd her well ;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come :  
But hark, I hear the footing of a man,

*Enter a Servant.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast, in silence of the night ?

*Serv.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray  
you, friend ?

*Serv.* Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about

By

By holy crosses, where she kneels, and prays,  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Serv.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

—I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter Launcelot.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and  
mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollowing, man: here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my  
master with his horn full of good news. My master  
will be here ere morning, sweet soul. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Let's in, and there expect their coming.  
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.

[*Exit servant.*

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

' ————— *She doth stray about*

*By holy crosses,]*

So in the Merry Devil of Edmonton:

“ But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in Waltham,

“ Another at the Abbey, and the third

“ At Ceston, and 'tis ominous to pass

“ Any of these without a Pater-noster.”

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

STEEVENS.

Here

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;<sup>2</sup>  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls!<sup>3</sup>

But

<sup>2</sup> ——— *with PATTERNS of bright gold;*] We should read  
PATENS: a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry.

WARBURTON.

*Pattens* is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto.  
*Patterns* is printed first in the folio, 1632. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Such harmony is in immortal souls;*] But the harmony here  
described is that of the spheres, so much celebrated by the an-  
tients. He says, the *smallest orb sings like an angel*; and then sub-  
joins, *such harmony is in immortal souls*: but the harmony of angels  
is not here meant, but of the orbs. Nor are we to think, that  
here the poet alludes to the notion, that each orb has its *intelli-*  
*gence* or *angel* to direct it; for then with no propriety could he say,  
the *orb sung like an angel*: he should rather have said, the *angel in*  
*the orb sung*. We must therefore correct the lines thus;

*Such harmony is in immortal sounds:*

i e. in the musick of the spheres. WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. *Immortal sounds* is a harsh combination  
of words, yet Milton uses a parallel expression:

*Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,  
Iunc quoque sidereis in'ercinit ipse choreis  
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen.*

It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of  
the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any varia-  
tion, for a change has been silently made, by Rowe, and adopted  
by all the succeeding editors.

*Such harmony is in immortal soul,  
But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it.*

That the third is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to  
suspect that the original was,

*Doth grossly close in it.*

Yet



But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ; <sup>4</sup>  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with musick.

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.  
[*Musick.*

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musick. Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musick for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no musick in himself, <sup>5</sup>

Nor

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is the power of perceiving harmony, as afterwards, *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being moved with concord of sweet sounds. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect ; which might be completed by reading,

*Such harmony is in th' immortal soul,  
But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

JOHNSON.

—close it in—] is the reading of the quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —wake Diana with a hymn ;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> The man that hath no musick in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,]

The thought here is extremely fine : as if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the internal [*musick in himself*] and the external musick [*concord of sweet sounds*] ; which  
were

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus:  
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see, is burning in my hall:  
 —How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the  
 candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
 Until a king be by; and then his state  
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
 Into the main of waters.—Musick, hark! [*Musick.*

*Ner.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not chuse but please an English audience. whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick*. *Jam vero video naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam insevisse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut BRITANNI præter alia Formam, MUSICAM, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.* WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful, in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in music, with an investive against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in inarticulate sounds.

It is no uncommon thing to see those who would think half a day well spent in reconciling a couple of jarring strings to unison, and yet would make no scruple to employ the other half in setting two of the most intimate friends at variance. So much for the certitude of being taught morality in the school of music.

— ite  
*Ferte citi flammæ, date tela*——

STREVENS.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect :<sup>6</sup>  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended ; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection ?

—Peace ! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd ! *[Musick ceases.]*

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckow,

By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands'  
healths,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd ?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence.  
—Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you.

*[A tucket sounds.]*

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :  
—We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the day-light  
sick,

<sup>6</sup> ———— *without respect.*] Not absolutely good, but relatively, good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light,<sup>7</sup> but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my  
friend.

—This is the man, this is Anthonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to  
him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Anth.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house.  
It must appear in other ways than words ;  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

*[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.]*

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong ;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Par.* A quarrel, ho,——already ?——what's the  
matter ?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,  
That she did give me ; whose poesie was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife ; *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the poesie, or the value ?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

<sup>7</sup> *Let me give light, &c.]* There is scarcely any word with which Shakespeare delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.



That you would wear it till your hour of death ;  
 And that it should lie with you in your grave.  
 Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
 You should have been respective,<sup>s</sup> and have kept it.  
 Gave it a judge's clerk !—but well I know,  
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
 A kind of boy,—a little scrubbed boy,  
 No higher than thyself,—the judge's clerk—  
 A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :  
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with  
 you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;  
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
 And riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
 Never to part with it ; and here he stands :  
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;  
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left-hand off,  
 And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
 Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
 Deserv'd it too :—And then the boy, his clerk,  
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ;  
 And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
 But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord ?

<sup>s</sup>—have been respective.] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. See K. John, act i. STEEVENS.

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
'Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to<sup>1</sup> retain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?<sup>2</sup>  
*Nerissa* teaches me what to believe;—  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam,—by my soul,—  
No woman had it, but a Civil doctor,  
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

<sup>1</sup> —retain—] The old copies concur in reading *contain*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *What man——wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?*

This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man  
could have so little modesty or wanted modesty so much, as to urge the  
demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious.*

JOHNSON.

And

And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,  
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;  
 Even he, that did uphold the very life  
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?  
 I was enforc'd to send it after him ;  
 I was beset with shame and courtesy ;  
 My honour would not let ingratitude  
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,  
 And by these blessed candles of the night,  
 Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
 The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :  
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
 I will become as liberal as you ;  
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
 No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :  
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.  
 Lie not a night from home ; watch me, like Argus :  
 If you do not, if I be left alone,  
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
 I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk ;—therefore be well advis'd,  
 How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so : let me not take him then ;  
 For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Anth.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you :—You are welcome, notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
 And in the hearing of these many friends,  
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
 Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that !  
 In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself ;  
 In each eye, one : swear by your double self,  
 And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me :  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Anth.* I once did lend my body for his wealth ;<sup>4</sup>  
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,  
[*To Portia.*

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Anth.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

*Por.* I had it of him :—pardon me, Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high-ways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,  
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,  
And even but now return'd : I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Anthonio you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon,  
There you shall find, three of your Argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :

<sup>4</sup> —[*for his wealth.*] For his advantage ; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*. JOHNSON.



You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Anth.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make me  
cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Anth.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and  
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way<sup>s</sup>  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd  
Of these events at full. Let us go in,  
And charge us there upon interrogatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so. The first interrogatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

<sup>s</sup> ——— you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.]

Shakespeare is not more exact in any thing, than in adapting his  
images with propriety to his speakers; of which he has here given  
an instance in making the young Jews call good fortune, *manna*.

WARBURTON.

The commentator should have remarked, that this speech is not,  
even in his own edition, the speech of the Jews. JOHNSON.

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
 Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.  
 But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
 That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
 Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
 So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.* <sup>6</sup>]

<sup>6</sup> It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novellist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in English, and I have epitomised the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of Boccace, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakespeare must have had some other novel in view. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him.

Ansaldo could think of nothing but him ; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria ; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms ; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called ? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner ? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country ; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed ; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was ? whence he came ? and if he knew the custom of the country ? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great number, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto ; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service ; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats. The lady intreats him to taste the wine : he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning ; but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame ;

but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Anfaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Anfaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwreck'd, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Anfaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear son, says he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Anfaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anfaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him, what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Anfaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took a resolution of seeing Anfaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anfaldo heard his tale: do  
not



not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough : the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize : but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary ; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died ; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction : Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte ; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting ; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback : he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed : immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands ? cries Giannetto : at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship,

for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in this happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at  
the

the time due ; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew ; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty ; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it ; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress ; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was ? The servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility : and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Anfaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him : so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew ; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him : for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge ; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments : and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked ; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off : and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood ; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less.

He



He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax ; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond : why did not you take the money when it was offered ? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand : but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty : but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand : he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing : if you will have the pound of flesh, take it ; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money ; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady ? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto : nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer ; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered ; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto ; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me ; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this, he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto : and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried An-

saldo



faldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Anfaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anfaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear, by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anfaldo for a wife: and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

**R**uggieri de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little, and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will shew you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, scepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri, that what I told you of Fortune is true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain; therefore I will offer you no preferment here, but that casket which Fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country,

country, shew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you ; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the stile is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

P. III. *The Merchant of Venice.*] The antient ballad, on which the greater part of this play is probably founded, has been mentioned in Observations on the Fairy Queen, l. 129. Shakespeare's track of reading may be traced in the common books and popular stories of the times, from which he manifestly derived most of his plots. Historical songs, then very fashionable, often suggested and recommended a subject. Many of his incidental allusions also relate to pieces of this kind ; which are now grown valuable on this account only, and would otherwise have been deservedly forgotten. A ballad is still remaining on the subject of Romeo and Juliet, which by the date appears to be much older than Shakespeare's time. It is remarkable, that all the particulars in which that play differs from the story in Bandello, are found in this ballad. But it may be said, that he has copied this story as it stands in Paynter's Pallace of Pleasure, 1567, where there is the same variation of circumstances. This, however, shews us that Shakespeare did not first alter the original story for the worse, and is at least a presumptive proof that he never saw the Italian.

Shakespeare alludes to the tale of King Cophetua and the Beggar, more than once. This was a ballad ; the oldest copy of which, that I have seen, is in A Crown Garland of golden Roses gathered out of England's royall Garden, 1612. The collector of this miscellany was Richard Johnson, who compiled, from various romances, THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS. This story of Cophetua was in high vogue, as appears from our author's manner of introducing it in Love's Labour lost, act iv. sc. 1. As likewise from John Marston's Satires, called the Scourge of Villanie, printed 1598, viz.

“ Go buy some ballad of the fairy king,

“ And of the BEGGAR WENCH *some rogueie thing.*”

Sign. B. ii.

The



The first stanza of the ballad begins thus,

“ I read that once in Africa

“ A prince that there did raine,

“ Who had to name Cophetua,

“ *As poets they do faine, &c.*”

The prince, or king, falls in love with a female beggar, whom he sees accidentally from the windows of his palace, and afterwards marries her. [Sign. D. 4.] The song, cited at length by the learned Dr. Gray, on this subject, is evidently spurious, and much more modern than Shakespeare's time. The name Cophetua is not once mentioned in it.

*Notes on Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 267.

However, I suspect, there is some more genuine copy than that of 1612, which I before mentioned. But this point may be, perhaps, adjusted by an ingenious enquirer into our old English literature, who is now publishing a curious collection of ancient ballads, which will illustrate many passages in Shakespeare.

I doubt not but he received the hint of writing *King Lear* from a ballad on that subject. But in most of his historical plays, he copies Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe, the reigning historians of that age. And although these Chronicles were then universally known and read, he did not scruple to transcribe their materials with the most circumstantial minuteness. For this he could not escape an oblique stroke of satire from his envious friend, Ben. Jonson, in the comedy called, *The Devil's an Ass*, act ii. sc. 4.

“ *Fitz-dot.* Thomas of Woodstock, I'm sure, was duke: and  
“ he was made away at Calice, as duke Humfrey was at Bury.  
“ And Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.

“ *Meer-er.* By my faith, you're cunning in the Chronicle.

“ *Fitz-dot.* No, I confess, I ha't from the play-books, and  
“ think they're more authentick.”

In Antony Wood's collection of ballads, in the Ashmolean Museum, I find one with the following title: “ The lamentable and tragical Historie of Titus Andronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars with the Goths; with the murder of his daughter Lavinia, by the empresses two sons, through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the sword of Titus in the war: his revenge upon their cruel and inhumane acte.”

“ You noble mindes and famous martiall wights.”

The use which Shakespeare might make of this piece, is obvious. WARTON.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlvi. of the copy, which I chuse  
to



to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. Then the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—*Puella cum hoc audisset ait coram omnibus Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixero.*—*Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, sine sanguinis effusione, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eam, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abscessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.—

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, “Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro purissimo* & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum; & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me eligerit in me inveniet, quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento puro*, & gemmis pretiosis plenum terra; & exterius erat subscriptio: *qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimis; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disposuit.* Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum & proficuum est filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis.” The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: “Bona puella bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis.”

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the REMOTE originals of the two incidents in this play. I can hardly suppose that they were the originals which Shakespeare immediately copied, for this reason principally, because I doubt whether they have ever appeared in print. They certainly are not to be found in an edition of the *Gesta Romanorum*, which I have myself, printed as late as 1521;

nor in some much older editions, which I have occasionally examined. There is a book of one Richard Robinson, mentioned by Tanner, Biblioth. Brit. Hib. p. 476. which might possibly afford some light to this subject. The title, as given by the author himself, is, A Record of ancient Hystories, in Latin, *Gesta Romanorum* (autore, ut supponitur, Johanne Leylando, Antiquario) translated by me, perused, corrected, and better'd. London, MDLXXVII. 12mo. This book is there said, to have had six editions between 1577 and 1601; but I have never been able to meet with a copy of it. The supposition that Leland was the author of *Gesta Romanorum* is certainly groundless; but it is not impossible, that a copy of that book (differing from the printed copy, and, perhaps, containing the two stories which I have here abridged from the Harleian MS.) might have been found among Leland's manuscripts, and translated by Mr. R. Robinson as an original.

T. T.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

## Persons Represented. \*

### D U K E.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his ba-*  
Jaques, } *nishment.*

Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys.*

Jaques, } *younger brothers to Oliver.*  
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.*

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*  
Sylvius, }

William, *in love with Audrey.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Charles, *wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

Rosalind, *daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters,  
and other attendants.*

*The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; and,  
afterwards, partly in the Duke's court; and partly  
in the forest of Arden.*

\* The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.



# AS YOU LIKE IT.<sup>1</sup>

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

### OLIVER'S ORCHARD.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

ORLANDO.

**A**S I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns<sup>2</sup>; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at

<sup>1</sup> *As you like it* was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey, and Mr. Upton, from the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn; which by the way was not printed 'till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with Lodge's Rosalynd, or Euphues' Golden Legacye. 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakespeare has followed the fable more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketch'd some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are too insignificant to merit transcription. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this FASHION bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns, &c.*] The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right.—*As I remem-*

at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at home ; or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept ;<sup>3</sup> for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders daily hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something that nature gave me, <sup>4</sup> his coun-

*ber, Adam, it was upon this MY FATHER bequeathed me, &c.* The grammar is now rectified, and the sense also ; which is this, Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it ; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns ; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. **WARBURTON.**

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will but a poor thousand crowns ; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obscure ? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself. **JOHNSON.**

<sup>3</sup> *STAYS me here at home, unkept.*] We should read *STYS*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping—that differs not from the stalling of an ox*, confirms this emendation. So Caliban says,

*And here you STY me in this hard rock.* **WARBURTON.**

*Sties* is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakespeare's.

**JOHNSON.**

<sup>4</sup> *His COUNTENANCE seems to take from me.*] We should certainly read, *his DISCOURAGEMENT*. **WARBURTON.**

There is no need of change, a countenance is either good or bad. **JOHNSON.**

tenance

tenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter Oliver.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orla.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orla.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar ye then, sir?

*Orla.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.<sup>5</sup>

*Orla.*

<sup>5</sup> *Be better employ'd, and be nought a while.]* Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; satius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere. But Oliver, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—be nought a while is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, a mischief on you. So the old poet Skelton.*

*Correct first thy selfe, walke and BE NOUGHT,  
Deeme what thou list, thou knowest not my thought.*

*Orla.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orla.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orla.* Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.<sup>6</sup>

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads,

———*and do aught a while.*

WARBURTON.

If *be nought a while* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read,

*Be better employed, and be naught a while.*

In the same sense as we say, *it is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be nought a while* mean no more than this, *Be content to be a cypher till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his REVERENCE.]* This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood.—The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first-born—But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not so nearly related to old sir Rowland as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakespeare might write,——*albeit your coming before me is nearer his REVENUE*, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. WARBURTON.

*Oli.*



Oli. What, boy! [*menacing with his hand.*]

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*collaring him.*]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: <sup>7</sup> I am the youngest son of fir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please. You shall hear me. —My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?—Well, fir, get you in.—I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exe. Orlando and Adam.*]

<sup>7</sup> *I am no villain.*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*. JOHNSON.

Oli.

*Oli.* Is it even so?—Begin you to grow upon me?—I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in.—[*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good-morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter,<sup>3</sup> be banish'd with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke live?

<sup>3</sup> *The old Duke's daughter.*] The words *old* and *new* which seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue, are inserted from sir T. Hanmer's edition. JOHNSON.

*Cha.*

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I must for mine own honour, if he come in. Therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, Charles, he is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret, and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device: and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect

rect means or other : for, I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad, I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment : if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* Farewel, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester : I hope, I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him. Yet he's gentle ; never school'd, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved ; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long ;—this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to an open walk, before the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Cel.* **I** Pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.  
*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Oli.* Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father,



father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will;—and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see—What think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, <sup>9</sup> that her gifts may be henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

<sup>9</sup> ———*mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakespeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the Destiny that spins the thread of life, though indeed not with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in Anthony and Cleopatra:

—————*and rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.*

STEEVENS.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* 'Tis true : for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest : and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter Touchstone, a clown.*

*Cel.* No ! when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire ? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature ; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's ; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone : for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit ? whither wander you ?

*Clo.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger ?

*Clo.* No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool ?

*Clo.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge ?

*Ros.* Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Clo.* Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were : but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st ?

*Clo.* <sup>1</sup> One, that old Frederick your father loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him : —enough ! speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation, one of these days.

*Clo.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true : for since the little wit that fools have, was silenc'd, <sup>2</sup> the little foolery that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Enter Le Beau.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

<sup>1</sup> *Clo.* One that old Frederick your father loves.

*Ros.* My father's love is enough to honour him ;]

This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind ; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's : I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any passage in the play, or from the Dramatis Personæ, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namesakes ; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger Frederick ; and, without some such authority, it would make confusion to suppose it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the Dramatis Personæ were first enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd,*] Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.

JOHNSON.

*Cel.*

*Col.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau; what news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport? of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Clo.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.\*

*Clo.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: † I would have told you of good wrestling; which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,——

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

\* ——laid on with a trowel.] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject.

JOHNSON.

† You amaze me, ladies.] To amaze, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse; as, to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.



Ros. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by these presents,*<sup>5</sup>—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But<sup>6</sup> is there any else longs to see this broken musick

<sup>5</sup> *With bills on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—] The ladies and the fool, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Rosalind replies—*thou losest thy old smell.* So here when Rosalind had said, *With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in; *Know all men by these presents*. She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: so that they must be given to him. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularly, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?*] A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of Rosalind's

musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

*Duke.* Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

*Duke.* How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the <sup>7</sup> men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he

repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing in musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote—*set this broken musick in his sides*. WARBURTON.

If any change were necessary, I should write, *feel this broken musick*, for *see*. But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day, *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken musick*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*odds in the men.*] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, *the man*. JOHNSON.

will

will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke.* Do so. I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orla.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

*Orla.* No, fair princess, he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes,<sup>8</sup> or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orla.*<sup>9</sup> I beseech you, punish me not with your

<sup>8</sup> ———if you saw yourself with YOUR eyes, or knew yourself with YOUR judgment,] Absurd! The sense requires that we should read, our eyes, and our judgment. The argument is, Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know yourself with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear. WARBURTON.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. If you were not blinded and intoxicated, says the princess, with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> I beseech you, punish me not, &c.] I should wish to read, I beseech you; punish me not with your hard thoughts. Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. JOHNSON.

hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray Heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orla.* Ready, sir. But his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No—I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orla.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*they wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*fl.out.*]

*Duke.* No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

*Orla.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke.* Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

*Orla.* Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke.* I would, thou hadst been son to some man else!

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;

—I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

*Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orla.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son; and would not change that calling  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:  
If you do keep your promises in love,  
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,

Wear this for me ; one out of suits with Fortune ;<sup>1</sup>  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
—Shall we go, coz ?

[Giving him a chain from her neck.

Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you ?—My better  
parts

Are all thrown down ; and that, which here stands up,  
Is but a quintaine,<sup>2</sup> a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back :—my pride fell with my  
fortunes.

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, fir ? —  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

<sup>1</sup> ———one out of suits with Fortune.] This seems an allusion  
to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any parti-  
cular sort is *out of suit*. JOHNSON.

[Out of suits with Fortune,] I believe means turned out of her  
service, and stripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.] A quintaine was a  
post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against  
which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The al-  
lusion is beautiful, *I am*, says Orlando, *only a quintaine, a life-*  
*less block on which love only exercises his arms in jest ; the great dif-*  
*parity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope*  
*that love will ever make a serious matter of it.* The famous sati-  
rist Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uses the  
same metaphor, on the same subject, tho' the thought be dif-  
ferent.

*Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,  
A joué ny le prix en l'e crime d' amours ;  
Lassé en fin de servir au peuple de QUINTAINE,  
Elle, &c.* WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a  
beautiful passage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts  
and arms : it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were  
hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, dart-  
ed, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies  
were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this  
information how could the reader understand the allusion of

“ ———my better parts

“ Are all thrown down ;” CRITICAL REVIEW.

More

More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orla.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her ; yet she urg'd conference.

*Enter Le Beau.*

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love ;  
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,<sup>3</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humourous ; what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

*Orla.* I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me  
this ;

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke  
That here was at the wrestling ?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by  
manners ;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.  
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;  
Grounded upon no other argument,  
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

<sup>3</sup> ————*the Duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So Anthonio the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best conditioned man*. JOHNSON.

And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

[Exit,

*Orla.* I rest much bounden to you : fare ye well !  
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;  
 From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother :  
 But, heavenly Rosalind !

[Exit,

## S C E N E III.

*An apartment in the palace.*

*Enter Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have mercy !—not a word ?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father ?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father. <sup>4</sup> Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world !

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

<sup>4</sup> —for my father's child.] The old editions have it, for my child's father, that is, as it is explained by Mr. Theobald, for my future husband. JOHNSON.

*Ros.*



*Ros.* I would try ; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son ?

*Ros.* The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase,<sup>s</sup> I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I ? doth he not deserve well ?

*Enter Duke, with lords.*

*Ros.* Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do :—Look, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Duke.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, Uncle ?

*Duke.* You, cousin :  
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our publick court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :

<sup>s</sup> ———by this kind of chase,] That is, by this way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakespeare in a double sense, for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *base*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology, but properly *beloved* is *dear*, and *base* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON,

If

If with myself I hold intelligence,  
 Or have acquaintance with my own desires ;  
 If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,  
 (As I do trust, I am not) then, dear uncle,  
 Never, so much as in a thought unborn  
 Did I offend your highness.

*Duke.* Thus do all traitors ;  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 They are as innocent as grace itself.—  
 Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :  
 Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's  
 enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his duke-  
 dom ;  
 So was I, when your highness banish'd him.  
 Treason is not inherited, my lord ;  
 Or if we did derive it from our friends,  
 What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :  
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,  
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke.* Ay, Celia, we but stay'd her for your sake,  
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;  
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;  
 I was too young that time to value her,  
 But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
 Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*Duke.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-  
 ness,  
 Her very silence and her patience,  
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more  
virtuous, <sup>6</sup>

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,  
Which I have past upon her :—She is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke.* You are a fool :—You, niece, provide your-  
self ;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind ! where wilt thou go ?  
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin ;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the Duke  
Has banish'd me his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No ? hath not ? <sup>7</sup> Rosalind lacks then the love

<sup>6</sup> *And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,*] This implies her to be some how remarkably defective in virtue : which was not the speaker's thought. The poet doubtless wrote,

—————*and shine more virtuous.*

i. e. her virtues would appear more splendid, when the lustre of her cousin's was away. *WARBURTON.*

The plain meaning of the old and true reading is, that when she was seen alone, she would be more noted. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>7</sup> — *Rosalind lacks then the love*

*Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.*]

The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth me.* For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not lack that love which Celia complains she does. *WARBURTON.*

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying,  
*You know not the law which teaches you to do right.* *JOHNSON.*

Which

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.  
 Shall we be fundred? shall we part, sweet girl?  
 No, let my father seek another heir.  
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly;  
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
 And do not seek to take your change<sup>8</sup> upon you,  
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:  
 For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?  
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
 The like do you; so shall we pass along,  
 And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
 Because that I am more than common tall,  
 That I did suit me all points like a man?  
 A gallant curtle-ax<sup>9</sup> upon my thigh,  
 A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart  
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)  
 I'll have a ' swashing and a martial outside;  
 As many other mannish cowards have,  
 That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own  
 page;  
 And therefore, look, you call me, Ganimed.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *take your change upon you,*] In all the later editions, from Mr. Rowe's to Dr. Warburton's, *change* is altered to *charge*, without any reason. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *curtle-axe, or cut-lace,* a broad sword. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *I'll have*] Sir T. Hanmer, for *we'll have*. JOHNSON.

But



But what will you be call'd ?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state ;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight : now go we in content  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### ARDEN FOREST.

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three lords like foresters.*

DUKE senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
More free from peril, than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty <sup>2</sup> of Adam,

<sup>2</sup> In former editions, *Here feel we not the penalty.* What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet ? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty ? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but* by mistake have chang'd place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

The

The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors,  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head: <sup>3</sup>  
 And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. <sup>4</sup> Happy is your  
 grace,  
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke Sen.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,  
 Being native burghers of this desert city,  
 Should in their own confines, <sup>5</sup> with forked heads  
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

<sup>3</sup> *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:]*

It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History, &c.* by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those "uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I would not change it.]* Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin, *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *—with forked heads]* i. e. with arrows, the points of which were barbed. STEEVENS.

*1 Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
 Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.  
 To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
 To the which place a poor sequestred stag,  
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke Sen.* But what said Jaques?  
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1 Lord.* O yes, into a thousand families.  
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;  
*Poor Deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much.* Then, being alone,  
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
*'Tis right*, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company.* Anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 And never stays to greet him: *Ay*, quoth Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*  
*'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
 The body of the country, city, court,  
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we

Are

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*Duke Sen.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting,  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke Sen.* Show me the place;  
I love to cope him <sup>6</sup> in these fullen fits.  
For then he's full of matter.

*2 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

## T H E P A L A C E.

*Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.*

*Duke.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be. Some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1 Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

*2 Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft  
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing,  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler,  
That did but lately foil the finewy Charles;  
And she believes, where ever they are gone,

<sup>6</sup> ———to cope him,] To encounter him; to engage with him.  
JOHNSON.

That



That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke.* Send to his brother : fetch that gallant hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly ;

And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

OLIVER'S HOUSE.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orla.* Who's there ?

*Adam.* What ! my young master ? Oh, my gentle master,

Oh, my sweet master, <sup>7</sup> O you memory  
Of old sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?  
Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bony <sup>8</sup> prifer of the humorous Duke ?

<sup>7</sup> ——— O you memory] Shakespeare often uses *memory* for *memorial* : and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. So in the Humorous Lieutenant ;

“ I knew then how to seek your *memories*.”

Again, in The Atheist's Tragedy, by C. Turner, 1611 ;

“ And with his body place that *memory*

“ Of noble Charlemont.”

And in Byron's Tragedy ;

“ That statue will I prize past all the jewels

“ Within the cabinet of Beatrice,

“ The *memory* of my grandame.” STEEVENS,

<sup>8</sup> In the former editions, *The BONNY prifer*——] We should read *BONEY prifer*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good-humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton, *Giants of mighty bone*. JOHNSON.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?  
 No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it !

*Orla.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors ; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives :  
 Your brother—(no ; no brother—yet the son,—  
 Yet not the son ;—I will not call him son  
 Of him I was about to call his father)  
 Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
 And you within it. If he fail of that,  
 He will have other means to cut you off :  
 I overheard him, and his practices.  
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;  
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orla.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have  
 me go ?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orla.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my  
 food ?

Or, with a base, and boisterous sword enforce  
 A thievish living on the common road ?  
 This I must do, or know not what to do :  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;  
 I rather will subject me to the malice  
 Of a diverted blood,\* and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

\* —diverted blood.] Blood turned out of the course of nature.

Which I did store, to be my foster nurse  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,  
 All this I give you; let me be your servant;  
 Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

*Orla.* Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world;  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion;  
 And, having that, do choak their service up  
 Even with the having.<sup>1</sup> It is not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on; and I will follow thee  
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.  
 From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.

<sup>1</sup> *Even with the having.*] Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished. JOHNSON.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week :  
 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better  
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Changes to the forest of Arden.*

*Enter Rosalind in boy's cloaths for Ganimed ; Celia drest like a shepherdess for Aliena, and Touchstone the Clown.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits ? <sup>2</sup>

*Clo.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me ; I can go no further.

*Clo.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you : <sup>3</sup> yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you ; for, I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Clo.* Ay ; now I am in Arden : the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

<sup>2</sup> O *Jupiter, how merry are my spirits ?*] And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel, and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the *briskness of spirits* : rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the text : — *how weary are my spirits ?* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *yet I should bear no cross,*] A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

*Ros.*



*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
(As, sure, I think, did never man love so)  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,<sup>4</sup>  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd:—  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd:—  
Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;  
Thou hast not lov'd:—Oh Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

[*Exit Sil.*

<sup>4</sup> *If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,]* I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song.

*Honest lover, whosoever,  
If in all thy love there ever  
Were one wav'ring thought, thy flame  
Were not even, still the same.*

*Know this  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true  
Thou must begin again and love anew, &c.*

JOHNSON.

## A S Y O U L I K E I T.

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found my own.

*Clo.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love,  
I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that  
for coming o' nights to Jane Smile: and I remember  
the kissing of her batlet,<sup>5</sup> and the cow's dugs that  
her pretty chopt hands had milk'd: and I remember  
the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom  
I took two<sup>6</sup> cods, and giving her them again, said  
with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We,  
that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as  
all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love, mor-  
tal in folly.<sup>7</sup>

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

*Clo.* Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit,  
'till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much  
upon my fashion.

*Clo.* And mine; but it grows something stale with  
me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yon man,  
If he for gold will give us any food;  
I faint almost to death.

*Clo.* Holla; you, clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

<sup>5</sup> —batlet,—] The instrument with which washers beat  
their coarse cloaths. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —two cods—] For *cods* it would be more like sense to  
read *peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the com-  
mon presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —so is all nature in love, mortal in folly.] This expression  
I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from  
*mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as  
*mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakespeare takes  
advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the  
meaning will be, *so is all nature in love* abounding in *folly*.

JOHNSON.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else they are very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say :—Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her ;  
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze ;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality :  
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed  
Are now on sale ; and at our sheep-cote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That ye will feed on ; but what is, come see ;  
And in my voice most welcome shall ye be.<sup>2</sup>

*Ros.* What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain, that ye saw here but ere-while,  
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us,

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages : I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold ;  
Go with me. If you like, upon report,

<sup>2</sup> *And in my voice most welcome shall ye be.] In my voice, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome.* JOHNSON.

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
 I will your very faithful feeder be,  
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.

*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.*

## SONG.

*Under the green wood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note,  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it.—More, I pr'ythee, more.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs : more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is rugged<sup>9</sup>; I know, I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing : come, come, another stanza ; call you 'em stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing.—Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request, than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that, they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks

<sup>9</sup> —rugged,] In old editions *ragged*. JOHNSON.



me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.—Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.—

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; —the Duke will drink under this tree: he hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.—Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to lie<sup>1</sup> i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets;  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass;  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,  
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;<sup>2</sup>  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An' if he will come to me.*

<sup>1</sup> —to lie—] Old edition, *to live*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Duc ad me*,—] For *ducadme* sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me*. JOHNSON.

*Ami.*

*Ami.* What's that, *duc ad me?*

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I'll go to sleep if I can : if I cannot ; I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.<sup>3</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the Duke : his banquet is prepar'd. [ *Excunt severally.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food ! here lie I down, and measure out my grave.—Farewel, kind master.

*Orla.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ?—live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death a while at the arm's end : I will be here with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.—Well said !—thou look'st cheerly : and I'll be with you quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air ; come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [ *Excunt.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Duke Senior and lords.* [ *A table set out.*

*Duke Sen.* I think he is transform'd into a beast, For I can can no where find him like a man.

<sup>3</sup> ————*the first-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him. Tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter Jaques.*

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, monsieur, what a life  
is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool!—a miserable world!—<sup>4</sup>

As I do live by food, I met a fool;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. ¶

Good-morrow, fool, quoth I:—No, sir, quoth he.

Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:

And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten a-clock*;

Thus may we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags*.

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

<sup>4</sup> *A motley fool!—a miserable world!*] What! because he met  
a *motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly  
blundered; we should read,

—————*a miserable VARLET.*

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after  
these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he  
*rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we make so great as appears at first sight. WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing *fool* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were  
necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that *varlet*  
is the true word. *A miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation,  
frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility  
of life. JOHNSON.

*And*

*And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;  
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.  
 And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep contemplative ;  
 And I did laugh, fairs intermission,  
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !  
 A worthy fool !—Motley's the only wear.

*Duke Sen.* What fool is this ?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;  
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,  
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket  
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms :—O that I were a fool !  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke Sen.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal ; as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :  
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?  
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church :  
<sup>6</sup> He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth

<sup>5</sup> Only suit ;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*.

JOHNSON.

The poet meant a quibble. So act v. " Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 — Seem senseless of the bob. If not, &c.]*

Besides that the third verse is defective one whole foot in measure,  
 the



Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not, <sup>7</sup>  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squandring glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke Sen.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst  
do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

*Duke Sen.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding  
sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself: <sup>8</sup>  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
'Till that the very very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning of the passage, shew it is no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt, but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuscript or by inadvertence were left out. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *If not, &c.*] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is *dissected* and *laid open* by the *squandring glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *As sensual as the brutish sting.*] Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish fly*.

JOHNSON.

Who

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,  
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost;  
 (Thinking, that I mean him) but therein suits  
 His folly to the metal of my speech?  
 There then; how then? what then? Let me see  
 wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,  
 Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose, flies  
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando, with sword drawn.*

*Orla.* Forbear, and eat no more.—

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orla.* Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
 distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orla.* You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny  
 point<sup>9</sup>

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew  
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,  
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;  
 He dies, that touches any of this fruit,  
 'Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not  
 Be answered with reason, I must die.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *The thorny point  
 Of bare distress has ta'en from me the shew  
 Of smooth civility.]*

We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will  
 not justify alteration. JOHNSON.

*Duke*

*Duke Sen.* What would you have? Your gentleness  
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orla.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke Sen.* Sit down and feed; and welcome to our  
table.

*Orla.* Speak you so gently?—Pardon me, I pray  
you;

I thought, that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days;

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;

If ever sate at any good man's feast;

If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,

And known what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*[Sheathing his sword.]*

*Duke Sen.* True is it, that we have seen better days;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

And sate at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes

Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have,<sup>1</sup>

That to your wanting may be ministred.

*Orla.* Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

<sup>1</sup> *And take upon command what help we have.]* It seems necessary to read, *then take upon demand what help, &c.* that is, *ask for what we can supply, and have it.* JOHNSON.

Limp'd in pure love ; 'till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke Sen.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orla.* I thank ye ; and be blest'd for your good  
comfort ! [Exit.

*Duke Sen.* Thou see'st, we are not all alone un-  
happy :

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene  
Wherein we play in. <sup>2</sup>

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,  
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school :—And then, the lover ;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow :—Then, a soldier :  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth :—And then, the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances, <sup>3</sup>

And

<sup>2</sup> *Wherein we play in.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads,

*Wherein we play.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Full of wise saws and modern instances.*] It is remarkable that Shakespeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *καινος*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am



And so he plays his part:—The sixth age shifts<sup>4</sup>  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen;  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound:—Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable  
 burden,<sup>5</sup>  
 And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

*Modern* means *trite*, *trifling*, or *not to the purpose*. Shakespeare is very licentious in his use of the word. So in K. John:

“ And scorns a *modern* invocation.”

So in this play, act iv. sc. i.

“ ———betray themselves to *modern* censure.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———*The sixth age shifts*

*Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen;*]

There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play*, of seven acts (which was no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloen*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in *slippers*. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> ———*Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

———*Patremque*

*Fert humeris, venerabile onus Cybæreius heros.*

JOHNSON.

*Adam.*

*Adam.* So had you need,  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke Sen.* Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble  
you,

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—  
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

*Amiens sings.*

### S O N G.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,<sup>s</sup>  
Because thou art not seen,  
Altho' thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh*

<sup>s</sup> *Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,]*

This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Because it is not SEEN*. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, Shakespeare wrote the line thus,

*Because thou art not SHEEN,*

i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

*Spangled star-light SHEEN.*

And several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense.

*Your blissful sister Lucina the SHENE.*

And Fairfax,

*The sacred angel took his target SHENE,  
And by the Christian champion stood unseen.*

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from thence to alter the whole line thus,

*Thou causest not that teen.*

But,

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;  
 Most friendship is feigning ; most loving mere folly.  
 Then heigh ho, the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :

<sup>6</sup> Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing, &c.

Duke

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorously enforced ; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *smiling*, *shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining*, is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling* ? yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measures and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says the Duke, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, *as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Tho' thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane ; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave ; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

Perhaps the authors of the Critical Review are right in saying, that “ this is an allusion drawn from the operation of weavers, who *warp*, i. e. *fix* their worsted or yarn in their looms before they work it.” STEEVENS.

To *warp* was probably, in Shakespeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or medicinal. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change* :

*Duke Sen.* If that you were the good fir Rowland's son,  
 As you have whispered faithfully, you were ;  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,  
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,  
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke,  
 That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune  
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is :—  
 —Support him by the arm : give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

## T H E P A L A C E.

*Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.*

D U K E.

**N**OT see him since?—Sir, sir, that cannot be :—  
 But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument<sup>7</sup>  
 Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;  
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
 Seek him with candle : Bring him dead or living,  
 Within this twelvemonth ; or turn thou no more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,

when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say, it is *turned* :  
 when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakespeare says, it is  
*curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural  
 state. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *An absent argument,*] An argument is used for the contents of  
 a book, thence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the *subject*,  
 and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense. JOHNSON.

Worth



Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;  
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this :  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke.* More villain thou. Well—push him out of  
doors ;

And let my offices of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands :  
Do this expediently, <sup>s</sup> and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE FOREST.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orla.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :  
And, thou thrice-crowned queen of night, survey, <sup>9</sup>  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. <sup>2</sup> [*Exit.*

*Enter Corin and Clown.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master  
Touchstone ?

<sup>8</sup> *Expediently.*] That is, *expeditiously.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Thrice crowned queen of night.*] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same Goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines :

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,*

*Ima, superna, feras, sceptru, fulgore, sagittis.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Unexpressive,*] for *inexpressible.* JOHNSON.

*Clo.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he, that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is the lack of the sun: that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art,<sup>2</sup> may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Clo.* Such a one is a natural philosopher:<sup>4</sup> Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.*

<sup>2</sup> *He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.*] Common sense requires us to read,

*may complain of GROSS breeding.*

The Oxford editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading,———*bad breeding.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakespeare's time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good breeding*. In the last line of the Merchant of Venice we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physicks or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances,

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg,<sup>3</sup> all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clo. <sup>6</sup> Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy.

instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physics of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is responsible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Like an ill-roasted egg.*] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be damn'd all on one side; but will not sufficiently shew how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never, &c.*] This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Panurge in Rabelais. *Si tu es Coquin, ergo ta femme sera belle; ergo tu seras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des Amis beaucoup; ergo tu seras sauvé.* The last inference is pleasantly drawn from the popish doctrine of the intercession of saints. And, I suppose, our jocular English proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in Friar John's logic. WARBURTON.

*Clo.* Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow:—A better instance, I say: come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Clo.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again:—a more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Clo.* Most shallow man!—Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh—indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

*Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!<sup>8</sup> thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with

<sup>8</sup> Make incision in thee.] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant,

—————O excellent king,

*Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,  
Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;  
And so proceeds to incision.*——

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allusion had been to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the similes*; and I must own, after consulting the passage in the Humorous Lieutenant, I have no reason to alter my supposition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the expression to be unintelligible in that as well as another play where it is introduced.

STEEVENS.



my harm : and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*Clo.* That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle : to be a bawd to a bell-wether, <sup>1</sup> and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter Rosalind, with a paper.*

*Ros.* *From the east to western Inde,  
No jewel is like Rosalind,  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures, fairest linn'd,  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the face of Rosalind.*

*Clo.* I'll rhyme you so, 'eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-woman's rate to market. <sup>2</sup>

*Ros.* Out, fool !

*Clo.* For a taste.——

*If a hart doth lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.*

<sup>1</sup> *Bawd to a bell-wether.*] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Rate to market.*] So *sir T. Hanmer*. In the former editions *rank* to market. JOHNSON.

*Winter-garments must be lin'd,  
 So must slender Rosalind.  
 They that reap, must sheaf and bind;  
 Then to cart with Rosalind.  
 Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,  
 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 He that sweetest rose will find,  
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

*Clo.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'the country; for you will be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

*Clo.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter Celia, with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace! here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

*Cel.* *Why should this a desert be.  
 For it is unpeopled? No;  
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil sayings show.<sup>1</sup>  
 Some, how brief the life of man  
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;  
 That the stretching of a span  
 Buckles in his sum of age.  
 Some of violated vows,  
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;*

<sup>1</sup> *That shall civil sayings show.*] Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say civil wisdom or civil life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life. JOHNSON.

*But*

*But upon the fairest boughs,  
 Or at every sentence end,  
 Will I Rosalinda write;  
 Teaching all, that read, to know,  
 This quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little show.  
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd, <sup>2</sup>  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide enlarg'd:  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 Helen's cheeks, but not her heart;  
 Cleopatra's majesty;  
 Atalanta's better part; <sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup> Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synod was devis'd;*

<sup>2</sup> *Therefore heaven nature charg'd.*] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώραν, ὅτι πάντεσι δόρυμινά δώματ' ἔχουσι  
 Δῶρον ἐδώκεσαν.

So before,

————— *But thou  
 So perfect, and so peerless art created  
 Of ev'ry creature's best.*      Tempest.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Atalanta's better part.*] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was the better part. Shakespeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Sad*] is grave, sober, not light. JOHNSON.

Of

*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the touches<sup>5</sup> dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.*

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

*Cel.* How now! back-friends!—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, firrah.

*Clo.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exit Corin and Clown.]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear, without wondring how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree: <sup>6</sup> I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's

<sup>5</sup> *The touches.*] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat.*] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires, and Temple in his Treatises. Dr. Gray has produced a similar passage from Randolph.



goras's time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you, who hath done this?

*Rof.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

*Rof.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Rof.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Rof.* Nay, I pry'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping——

*Rof.* <sup>7</sup> Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? <sup>8</sup> One inch of delay more is

—————*My poets*

*Shall with a saytire steeped in vinegar*

*Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland.*

JOHNSON.

So in Dr. Dodypoll, a comedy, 1600:

“——he rhyme de grand rats from my house.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Good my complexion!]* This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.]* This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. from discovery. “If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think “this secret as far from discovery as the *Scrub-sea* is.”

WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

One

is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it: quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose! What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where

*One inch of delay more is a South-sea.* Discover, I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover*, I, he easily put an article after South-sea. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability. *Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery: Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Garagantua's <sup>9</sup> mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.<sup>1</sup>

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

<sup>9</sup> —[*Garagantua's mouth.*] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —[*I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.*] We should read,

*Under an AN OAK tree.*

This appears from what follows—*like a dropp'd acorn*. For how did he look like a *dropp'd acorn* unless he was found under an oak tree. And from Rosalind's reply, *that it might well be called Jove's tree*: for the oak was sacred to Jove. WARBURTON.

What tree but an *oak* was ever known to drop an *acorn*?

STEEVENS.

*Ros.*

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak.—Sweet, say on.

*Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out.—Soft, comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

*[Celia and Rosalind retire.]*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orla.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be with you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orla.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orla.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind, is your love's name?

*Orla.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orla.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orla.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

*Orla.* Not so: <sup>2</sup> but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.*

<sup>2</sup> —but I answer you right painted cloth.] This alludes to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or printed in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

*Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.*

THEOBALD.

Sir



*Jas.* You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

*Orla.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*Orla.* 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orla.* He is drown'd in the brook; look but in; and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orla.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher,

*Jaq.* I'll stay no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love! [Exit,

*Orla.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur Melancholy. [*Cel. and Ros. come forward.*

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

*Orla.* Very well: What would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a clock?

*Orla.* You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else, sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I answer you right*, in the stile of the painted cloth. Something seems wanting, and I know not what can be proposed better. *I answer you right painted cloth*, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate*; that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

*Orla.* And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you whom time ambles withal, whom time trots withal, whom time gallops withal, and whom he stands still withal.

*Orla.* I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim be but a se'ennight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orla.* Who ambles time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

*Orla.* Whom doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orla.* Whom stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orla.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orla.* Are you a native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orla.* Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who

was in his youth an <sup>3</sup> in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orla.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orla.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orla.* I am he, that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orla.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, <sup>4</sup> which you have not: a beard neglected,

<sup>3</sup> —in-land man;] Is used in this play for one *civilised*, in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest. So Orlando before—*Yet am I in-land bred, and know some nurture.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —an unquestionable spirit.] That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakespeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, *The Duke is too disputable for me*, that is, too *disputatious*. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with?* CHAMIER.

which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orla.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orla.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

*Orla.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orla.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing,



thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loath him : then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness<sup>5</sup> ; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick : and thus I cur'd him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a found sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orla.* I would not be cur'd, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orla.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I will shew it you : and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

*Orla.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind :—Come, sister, will you go ? [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Clown and Audrey, Jaques watching them.*

*Clo.* Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : And how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ?

<sup>5</sup> —to a living humour of madness ;] If this be the true reading we must by *living* understand *lasting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost ; perhaps the passage stood thus, *I drove my suitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness.* Or rather thus, *from a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness,* that is, from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet : and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. JOHNSON.

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Clo.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest Ovid was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

*Clo.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room<sup>6</sup>: Truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

*Clo.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry,<sup>7</sup> may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:]* Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase *of the quarter of hour of Rabalais*: who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into, *It strikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*. Had not Shakespeare reason now in this case to apply his simile to his own case, against his critical editor? Who, 'tis plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead* in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *and what they swear in poetry, &c.]* This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent, perhaps it were better read thus, *What they swear as lovers they may be said to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

*Aud.*

*Aud.* Do you wish then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

*Clo.* I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Clo.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a fauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*aside*] A material fool! <sup>8</sup>

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest!

*Clo.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul. <sup>9</sup>

*Clo.* Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the Gods give us joy!

*Clo.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho? <sup>1</sup> Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest

<sup>8</sup> *A material fool!*] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *I am foul.*] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

<sup>1</sup> —*What tho?*] What then. JOHNSON.

deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

Here comes fir Oliver—Sir Oliver Mar-text, <sup>2</sup> you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Clo.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*discovering himself*] Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

*Clo.* Good even, good master *what ye call*: how do you, fir? You are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, fir:—Nay; pray, be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, Motley?

*Clo.* As the ox hath his bow, <sup>3</sup> fir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Oliver.*] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sr.* This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr* John de Trevisa. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *his bow,*] i. e. *his yoke.* STEEVENS.



they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Clo.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Clo.* Come, sweet Audrey, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewel, good sir Oliver.

Not, \* O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee;  
But wend away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

*Sir*

\* *Not O sweet Oliver, O brave, &c.*] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

Of this speech, as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus,

*Clo.* *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife—Come, sweet Audrey, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.*

*Jaq.* *Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.* [they whisper.

*Clo.* *Farewel, good sir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee, —but*

*Wend away,  
Begone, I say,*

*I will not to wedding with thee to-day.*

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The song seems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E   I V.

*A cottage in the forest.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me—I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep ?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's : marry his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour. <sup>5</sup>

*Cel.* An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy beard. <sup>6</sup>

The Clown dismisses sir Oliver only because Jaques had put him out of conceit with him, by alarming his pride and raising doubts, touching the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher ; though he intends to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's supposition, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other, or perhaps a different part of the same ballad, is I believe right.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind ; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*as the touch of holy bread.*] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity* : This makes the comparison just and decent ; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood <sup>7</sup> kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

*Cel.* Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so ?

*Cel.* Yes. I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, <sup>8</sup> or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love ?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in ; but, I think, he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he was.

*Cel.* *Was*, is not *is* ; besides, the oath of a lover is

<sup>7</sup> —a nun of *winter's sisterhood*] This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And 'tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And, after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakespeare meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring were the votaries of Venus ; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres ; those of autumn, of Pomona : so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana : called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances in *winter*, in these fine lines of Othello,

*But riches endless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.*

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood is its coldness. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

*To be a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> —as concave as a cover'd goblet,] Why a *cover'd* ? Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakespeare never throws out his expressions at random.

WARBURTON.

no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando.

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers, athwart<sup>9</sup> the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides: Who comes here?

<sup>9</sup> —[*quite travers, athwart, &c.*] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas says, *The wind took such hold of his staff that it crost quite over his breast, &c.*—And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter,

*Met thought some slaves he mist: if so, not much amiss:  
For when he m<sup>st</sup> did hit, he ever yet did miss,  
One said he brake across, full well it so might be, &c.*

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks slaves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed.

WARBURTON.

*Enter*



*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;  
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love,  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain ;  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* Come, let us remove ;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :  
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Changes to another part of the forest.*

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ;—do not,  
Phebe :—  
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so  
In bitterness : The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes  
hard,  
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon : Will you sterner be<sup>\*</sup>  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Enter*

<sup>\*</sup> ————will you sterner be,  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?]

This is spoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will : but how does he *die* by bloody drops ? The poet must certainly have wrote—that deals and *lives*, &c. i. e. that gets

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner;  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou

gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads,

*Than be that lives and thrives by bloody drops.*

WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper construction, or that of sir T. Hanmer may serve the purpose; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and should rather read,

*Than be that dies his lips by bloody drops?*

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose *lips* are used to be *sprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies some part that must be sprinkled rather than dipped.

JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *dye* means as well to *dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakespeare is fond of opposing these words to each other.

In K. John is a play on words not unlike this.

——— *all with purpled hands;*

*Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.*

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same play on words;

“ He that *dyed* so oft in sport,

“ *Dyed* at last, no colour for't.”

So Heywood, in his epigrams, 1562.

“ Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman? alack,

“ Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?

“ *Dieth* he oft? yea, too oft when customers call.

“ But I would have him one day *die* once for all.

“ Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,

“ *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead.”

So Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589:

“ We once sported upon a country fellow, who came to run for  
“ the best game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very  
“ big swelling legs.

“ He

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:  
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!—  
 Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;  
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
 Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,  
 Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
 Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee:  
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
 The cicatrice and capable impressure<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy palm some moments keeps: but now mine eyes,  
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
 That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
 If ever (as that ever may be near)  
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,<sup>3</sup>  
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
 That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But 'till that time,  
 Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
 As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

“ He is but *coarse* to run a *course*,  
 “ Whose shanks are bigger than his thigh;  
 “ Yet is his luck a little worse  
 “ That often *dies* before he *die*.

“ Where ye see the words *course* and *dye* used in divers senses, one  
 “ giving the rebound to the other.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The cicatrice and capable impressure*] Cicatrice is here not very  
 properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure ar-*  
*rows mark.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *power of fancy,*] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before  
 in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* JOHNSON.

*Ref.*

Ros. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your mother, <sup>4</sup>

That you insult, exult, and all at once, <sup>5</sup>  
 Over the wretched? What though you have beauty <sup>6</sup>  
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,)  
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
 Of nature's sale-work: <sup>7</sup> Od's, my little life!  
 I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:  
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,

<sup>4</sup> —*Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *That you insult, exult, and ALL at once*] If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and *exulting*; then, instead of——— *all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus,

*That you insult, exult, and RAIL, at once.*

For these three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. WARB.

I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath*. Such I take to be the meaning of *all at once*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ————*what though you have no beauty,*] Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately observed to me by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgements) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *Of nature's sale-work:*] i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate, than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

That



That can entame my spirits to your worship.<sup>8</sup>  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her  
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer man,  
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,  
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her:  
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,  
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—  
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.  
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer:<sup>9</sup>  
 So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;  
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Ros.* [*aside*] He's fallen in love with her foulness,<sup>1</sup>  
 and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as  
 fast as she answers thee, with frowning looks, I'll  
 sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon  
 me?

<sup>8</sup> *That can ENTAME my spirits to your worship.*] I should rather think that Shakespeare wrote ENTRAINED, draw, allure.

WARBURTON.

The common reading seems unexceptionable. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Foul is most foul, being FOUL to be a scoffer.*] The only sense of this is, *An ill-favoured person is most ill-favoured, when if he be ill-favoured, he is a scoffer.* Which is a deal too absurd to come from Shakespeare; who, without question, wrote,

*Foul is most foul, being FOUND to be a scoffer:*

i. e. where an ill-favoured person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive. WARBURTON.

The sense of the received reading is not fairly represented; it is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*with her foulness,*] So sir T. Hanmer, the other editions, *your foulness.* JOHNSON.

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.  
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—  
Come, sister:—shepherdes, look on him better,  
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,<sup>2</sup>  
None could be so abus'd in sight, as he.  
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. Cel. and Corin.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;  
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe!

*Phe.* Hah! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee.  
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompence,  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in sight, as he* ]

Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-  
while ?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,  
That the old Carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him ;  
'Tis but a peevish boy ;—yet he talks well :—  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them, pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth ;—not very pretty :—  
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :  
He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall ;  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little ripen'd, and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :  
For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;  
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :  
I marvel, why I answer'd not again :  
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance :  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart :  
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :  
 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### THE FOREST.

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

J A Q U E S.

**I** Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the foldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politick ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other mens ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

*Enter*



*Enter Orlando.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too.

*Orla.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

*Jaq.* Nay then——God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Farewel, monsieur traveller : look, you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think, you have swam in a gondola.<sup>3</sup>—Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orla.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orla.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orla.* Of a snail ?

<sup>3</sup> —*swam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*; and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis* ; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman : besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orla.* What's that ?

*Ros.* Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orla.* Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind ?

*Orla.* I would kiss, before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orla.* How if the kiss be denied ?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orla.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress ; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orla.* What, of my suit ?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ?

*Orla.* I take some joy to say, you are ; because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you,

*Orla.*

*Orla.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age<sup>4</sup> found it was,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lyes; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orla.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly:—But come; now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orla.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

*Orla.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orla.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orla.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando: What do you say, sister?

*Orla.* Pray thee, marry us.

<sup>4</sup> —chroniclers of that age.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick.

JOHNSON.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando——*

*Cel.* Go to——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orla.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orla.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, *I take thee Rosalind for wife.*

*Orla.* I take thee Rosalind for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orla.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her.

*Orla.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are dispos'd to be merry; <sup>5</sup> I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep. <sup>6</sup>

*Orla.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

<sup>5</sup> —*I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena very much resembles a loud laugh. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.*] We should read, *to weep.* WARBURTON.

I know not why we should read *to weep.* I believe most men would be more angry to have their *sleep* hindered than their *grief* interrupted. JOHNSON.

*Orla.*



Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : Make the <sup>7</sup> doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, *Wit, whither wilt ?* <sup>8</sup>

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say, she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,<sup>9</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool !

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

<sup>7</sup> — *make the doors*] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar-the doors*. So in the Comedy of Errors,

“ The doors are *made* against you.”

The modern editors read, “ make the doors *fast*” in this play, and “ the doors are *barr'd* against you” in the other.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Wit, whither wilt ?*] This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable.

JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

“ My sweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury, &c.” The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's* accusation. JOHNSON.

Ros.

*Rof.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orla.* I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Rof.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so, come death—Two o'clock is your hour!

*Orla.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Rof.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise,\* and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orla.* With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So adieu.

*Rof.* Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu!

[*Exit Orla.*

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate; we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Rof.* O coz', coz', coz', my pretty little coz', that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!

\* *I will think you the most PATHETICAL break-promise,*] There is neither sense nor humour in this expression. We should certainly read,—*ATHEISTICAL break-promise.* His answer confirms it, that he would keep his promise *with no less religion, than*—

WAREBURTON.

I do not see but that *pathetical* may stand, which seems to afford as much sense and as much humour as *atheistical*. JOHNSON.

But it cannot be sounded : my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh 'till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror: and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: Have you no song, Forester, for this purpose?

*For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

1. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

*Take thou no scorn<sup>2</sup>*

*To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:*

*It was a crest, ere thou wast born.*

}

The rest  
shall bear  
this bur-  
den.

1. *Thy*

<sup>2</sup> *Take thou no scorn*] In former editions: *Then sing him home, the rest shall bear his burden.* This is an admirable instance of the sagacity of our preceding editors, to say nothing worse. One should

1. *Thy father's father wore it ;*
2. *And thy father bore it :*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

### 4 S C E N E III.

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?  
And here's much Orlando! \*

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled  
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone  
forth, to sleep: Look, who comes here.

*Enter Silvius.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,

should expect, when they were *poets*, they would at least have taken  
care of the *rhimes*, and not foisted in what has nothing to answer  
it. Now, where is the rhyme to, *the rest shall bear this burden*?  
Or, to ask another question, where is the sense of it? Does the  
poet mean, that He, that kill'd the deer, shall be sung home, and  
the rest shall bear the deer on their backs? This is laying a burden  
on the poet, that we must help him to throw off. In short, the  
mystery of the whole is, that a marginal note is wisely thrust into  
the text: the song being design'd to be sung by a single voice,  
and the stanzas to close with a burden to be sung by the whole  
company. THEOBALD.

This note I have given as a specimen of Mr. Theobald's jocu-  
larity, and the eloquence with which he recommends his emenda-  
tions. JOHNSON.

\* 4 The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an in-  
terval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the  
time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a  
few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not  
see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be  
obviated. JOHNSON.

\* *And here's much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. The modern  
editors read, but without the least authority,

*I wonder much, Or-anda is not here.* STEEVENS.

By



By the stern brow, and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* [*reading*] Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer:—bear this, bear all;—  
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.  
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents;  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you're a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A free-stone-coloured hand; I verily did think,  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;  
She has a hufwife's hand: but that's no matter—  
I say, she never did invent this letter——  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,  
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention;  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebe's me:—Mark, how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,  
War'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance<sup>3</sup> to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

*If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me, what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move?*

*He, that brings this love to thee,  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind,  
Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>4</sup>  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.]*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—  
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make  
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee?  
not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her; (for  
I see love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this

<sup>3</sup> *Vengeance* is used for *mischief*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Youth and kind*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*. JOHNSON.

to her; "that if she love me, I charge her to love  
" thee: if she will not, I will never have her, un-  
" less thou intreat for her." If you be a true lover,  
hence, and not a word; for here comes more com-  
pany. *[Exit Silvius.*

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you  
know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands  
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour  
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place:  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye doth profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description,  
Such garments, and such years: "the boy is fair,  
" Of female favour, and bestows himself  
" Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,  
" And browner than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house, I did enquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,

*Within an hour;]* We must read, *within two hours.* JOHNSON.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
 And, mark, what object did present itself.  
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
 And he did render him the most unnatural  
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do;  
 For, well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando;—did he leave him there,  
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling  
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.*



*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Oli.* By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that desert place;—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment;  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lions had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted;  
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.—  
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now? Ganymed!—Sweet!—  
Ganymed! [*Rosalind faints.*]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it:—cousin—Ganymed!<sup>6</sup>

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would, I were at home!

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:

—I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—  
you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would

<sup>6</sup> *cousin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her first fright forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says Ganymed. JOHNSON.

think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh ho!—

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I; for I must bear answer back, How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

### T H E F O R E S T.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

C L O W N.

**W**E shall find a time, Audrey;—patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Cl.* A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text.—But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Enter*

*Enter William.*

*Clo.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for : we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God give ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, fir.

*Clo.* Good even, gentle friend :—Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.—How old are you, friend ?

*Will.* Five and twenty, fir.

*Clo.* A ripe age : is thy name William ?

*Will.* William, fir.

*Clo.* A fair name. Wast born i'the forest here ?

*Will.* Ay, fir, I thank God.

*Clo.* Thank God ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

*Will.* 'Faith, fir, so, so.

*Clo.* So, so ; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good : and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wife ?

*Will.* Ay, fir, I have a pretty wit.

*Clo.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying ; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* <sup>7</sup> The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; mean-

<sup>7</sup> *The beathen philosopher, when he desired to eat a grape, &c.]* This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakespeare's knowledge on this subject might be derived. STEEVENS.

ing thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

*Will.* I do sir.

*Clo.* Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Clo.* Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he : now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir.

*Clo.* He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you, Clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish, is company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman ; which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, Clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : <sup>s</sup> I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will over-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William,

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you ; come away, away.

<sup>s</sup> *I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction, &c.]* All this seems to be an allusion to sir Thomas Overbury's affair. WARBURTON.

The Revival justly observes that *the affair of poisoning Overbury did not break out till 1615, long after Shakspeare had left the stage.*

STEEVENS.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Orlando and Oliver.*

*Orla.* Is't possible, that on on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I bestate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orla.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.<sup>9</sup>

*Ros.* Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*Orla.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orla.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady

<sup>9</sup> *And you, fair sister.*] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read, *and you*, and your *fair sister*. JOHNSON.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

*Orla.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true:—There was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrafonical brag of I *came, saw* and *overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.<sup>1</sup>

*Orla.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orla.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me, Be-

<sup>1</sup> *Clubs cannot part them.*] Alluding to the way of parting dogs in wrath. JOHNSON.

lieve then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,<sup>2</sup> and without any danger.

*Orla.* Speak'st thou in sober meaning ?

*Ros.* By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician : <sup>3</sup> Therefore, put you on your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have : it is my study To seem despightful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be made all of sighs and tears, And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymed.

*Orla.* And I for Rosalind.

<sup>2</sup> *Human as she is.*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a magician :*] Hence it appears this was written in James's time, when there as a severe inquisition after witches and magicians. WARBURTON.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be made all of faith and service;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymed.

*Orla.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymed.

*Orla.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Ros.*

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Ros.*

*Orla.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

*Orla.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear?

*Ros.* Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you if I can: [*To Silvius.*—I would love you, if I could. [*To Phebe.*—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To Phebe*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando*] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To Silvius*] if, what pleases you, contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To Orlando.*—as you love Phebe, meet; [*To Silvius.*—and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

*Sil.*



*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live,

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orla.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

*Clo.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey;—to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*1 Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Clo.* By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

*2 Page.* We are for you. Sit i'the middle.

*1 Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*2 Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G. 3

*It was a lover and his lass,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*

*That o'er the green corn-field did pass,*

*In the spring time, the pretty rank time,*

*When birds did sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*

*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

<sup>3</sup> The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have pursued by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

*Be-*

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country-folks would lie,  
In the spring time, &c.*

*The carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower,  
In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime,  
In the spring time, &c.*

*Clo.* Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable. <sup>4</sup>

*1 Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Clo.* By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you, and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.*

*Duke Sen.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

<sup>4</sup> Truly, young gentleman, tho' there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in the text, *untuneable*.—*Time and tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakespeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received. I think very undeservedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

*Orla*

*Orla.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear<sup>s</sup>

*Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke Sen.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [*To Orlando,*

*Orla.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To Phebe.*

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you will have Phebe, if she will? [*To Silvius.*

*Sil.* Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

<sup>s</sup> *As those that fear* THEY HOPE *and know* THEY fear.] This strange nonsense should be read thus,

*As those that fear* THEIR HAP, *and know* THEIR fear.

i. e. As those who fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus,

*As those that fear* with hope, *and hope* with fear.

Or thus, with less alteration,

*As those that fear,* they hope, *and now* they fear.

JOHNSON.

Keep

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—  
 Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;  
 Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—  
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,  
 If she refuse me; and from hence I go  
 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Celia.*]

*Duke Sen.* I do remember in this shepherd-boy  
 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orla.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,  
 Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:  
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle;  
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and  
 these couples are coming to the ark! <sup>6</sup> Here comes  
 a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are  
 call'd fools.

*Clo.* Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

*Jaq.* Good, my lord, bid him welcome. This  
 is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so of-  
 ten met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he  
 sweats.

<sup>6</sup> *Here come a pair of VERY STRANGE beasts, &c.]* What *strange beasts*? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *cl an* beasts entered by *fi- wens*, and the unclean by *tw*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, *here come a pair of UNCLEAN beasts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

*Strange beasts* are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Clo.* 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.<sup>7</sup>

*Jaq.* How the seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke Sen.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you, sir, I desire of you the like:<sup>8</sup> I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:<sup>9</sup>—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own;—a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

*Duke Sen.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

<sup>7</sup> *We found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.*] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read, *the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*I desire you of the like.*] We should read, *I desire of you the like.* On the Duke's saying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I desire you will give me cause that I may like you too.

WARBURTON.

I have not admitted the alteration, because there are other examples of this mode of expression. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *According as marriage binds, and blood breaks*] The construction is, *to swear as marriage binds*. Which I think is not English. I suspect Shakespeare wrote it thus, *to swear and to forswear, according as marriage BIDS and blood BIDS break.* WARBURTON.

I cannot discover what has here puzzled the commentator: *to swear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

*Clo.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.<sup>1</sup>

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Clo.* Upon a lye seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, Audrey) as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; <sup>2</sup> he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so, the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct*.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Clo.* I durst go no further than the *Lye circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lye direct*; and so we measur'd swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye?

<sup>1</sup> *Dulcet diseases.*] This I do not understand. For *diseases* it is easy to read *discourses*: but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *As thus, sir; I did dislike the cut of a courtier's beard;*] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher in his *Queen of Corinth*.

—Has he familiarly  
Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet  
Was not exactly frenchified?—

—or drawn your sword,  
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye  
In circle or oblique or semicircle  
Or direct parallel; you must challenge him.

WARE.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* <sup>2</sup> O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. <sup>3</sup> I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these

<sup>2</sup> O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF WORDS, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain, or direct.* IV. *Of conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial.* V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye, or the countercheck quarrelsome.* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle IF, he says,—*Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, thus—IF thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.* By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an IF between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare making the Clown say, *I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an IF, as if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your IF is the only peace-maker; much virtue in IF.* Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last act of *Love's Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> —books for good manners.] One of these books I have seen. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer ad mensam;* black letter without date. STEEVENS.

you

you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew, when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke Sen.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.*

STILL MUSICK.

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.

*Good Duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither:*

*That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

*Ref.* To you I give myself; for I am yours.

[*To the Duke.*

To you I give myself; for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

*Duke Sen.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orla.* If there be truth in sight,<sup>5</sup> you are my Rosalind.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Hymen.]* Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *If there be truth in sight.]* The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says, *if there be truth in shape*: that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another.

JOHNSON.

*Ros.*



*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why, then, my love adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he. [*To the Duke.*  
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Orlando.*  
[*To Phebe.*

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:  
Here's eight that must take hands,  
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.<sup>6</sup>  
You and you no cross shall part;  
[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:  
[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love must accord,  
Or have a woman to your lord. [*To Phebe.*  
You and you are sure together,  
As the winter to foul weather:

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*  
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning;  
That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we meet, and these things finish.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown,<sup>7</sup>  
O blessed bond of board and bed!*

<sup>6</sup> *If truth holds true contents.*] That is. if there be *truth in truth*,  
unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Wedding is, &c.*] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has  
this stanza:

*Quæ tuis careat sacris,  
Non queat dare præfides  
Terra finibus: at queat  
Te volente. Quis huic deo  
Compararier ausit?*

JOHNSON.

*'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
 High wedlock then be honoured:  
 Honour, high honour and renown  
 To Hymen, God of every town!*

*Duke Sen.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,  
 Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word—now thou art mine,  
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter Jaques de Boys.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word, or  
 two—

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
 Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day  
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
 Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot  
 In his own conduct purposely to take  
 His brother here,<sup>1</sup> and put him to the sword:  
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
 After some question with him, was converted  
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world:  
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
 And all their lands restor'd to them again,  
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

*Duke Sen.* Welcome young man:  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;  
 To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 First, in this forest, let us do these ends  
 That here were well begun, and well begot:  
 And, after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.

Mean

Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustick revelry :—  
Play, musick ; and you brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,  
The Duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I : out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.  
You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*  
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it.  
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;

[*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies :—

[*To Oli.*

You to a long and well deserved bed ;— [*To Silv.*

And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd :—so to your pleasures:  
I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke Sen.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* <sup>s</sup>To see no pastime, I :—what you would have,  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

*Duke Sen.* Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these rites ;  
As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

<sup>s</sup> *To see no pastime, I :—what you would have  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.]*

Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and preserves that respect to the last, which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable tho' solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

## EPILOGUE.

*Ref.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, <sup>1</sup> that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; <sup>2</sup> therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, <sup>3</sup> for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,

<sup>5</sup> — [*What a case am I in then, &c.*] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus, *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — [*furnish'd like a beggar*, &c.] That is *dressed*: so before, he was *furnish'd* like a huntsman. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — [*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases YOU: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — that between you and the women, &c.*] This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases THEM, and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — TO LIKE AS MUCH AS PLEASES THEM, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *You* into *Them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *y<sup>m</sup>* written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.



(as I perceive by your simpering, 'none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the Play may please. If I were a woman, <sup>3</sup> I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*If I were a woman,*] Note that in this authour's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.



THE  
T A M I N G  
OF THE  
S H R E W.

## Characters in the Induction.

*A* Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.  
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.

*Hostess.*

*Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.*

## Persons Represented.

Baptista, *Father to Catharina and Bianca ; very rich.*

Vincentio, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

Lucentio, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

Petruchio, *a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.*

Gremio,                    } *Pretenders to Bianca.*

Hortensio,                }

Tranio,                    } *Servants to Lucentio.*

Biondello,                }

Grumio, *Servant to Petruchio.*

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

Catharina, *the Shrew.*

Bianca, *her Sister.*

*Widow.*

*Taylor, Haberdasher ; with Servants attending on Baptista, and Petruchio.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua ; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

THE



T H E

\*TAMING of the SHREW.

---

I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

S L Y.

I'LL pheefe you,<sup>1</sup> in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no<sup>2</sup> rogues.  
Look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard  
Con-

\* We have hitherto supposed Shakespeare the author of the Taming of the Shrew, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give you my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakespeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt *supposing* it to have been written by Shakespeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition) called The Metamorphoses of Ajax, where I suspect an allusion

Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; <sup>3</sup> let the world slide : *Sessa*.

*Hest.*

to the old play ; “ Read the *booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir.”—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so : Goffon in his *Schoole of Abuse*, containing a pleasaunt Inuective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jestors, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth, 1579, mentions “ twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-savage :” and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intituled the *booke* of sir Thomas Moore.”

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope’s list : “ A pleasant conceited history, called, The Taming of a Shrew—sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants.” Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakespeare’s copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own ; for it was not even printed till some years after his death ; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*. FARMER.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Mr. Farmer’s judgment, I own I cannot entirely concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not the author of it. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Catherine and Petruchio.

The title of this play was probably taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *I’ll pheeze you*,—] To *pheeze* or *seaze*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I’ll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I’ll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly’s character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Tho. Smyth in his book de Sermone Anglico, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to. To *fiize*, means *in fila diducere*. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheeze* the pride of Achilles ; and Love-wit,

*Hof.* You will not pay for the glaffes you have burft? <sup>4</sup>

*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy——go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. <sup>5</sup>

*Hof.*

wit in the Alchemist employs it in the same sense. Again in Puttenham's Art of Poetry, 1589:

“Your pride serves you to *feaze* them all alone.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —no rogues.] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———paucus pallabris;] *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.

THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in the following note. “*What new device have they devised now? Pocas pallabras.*” In the comedy of the Roaring Girl, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again they appear in The Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———you have burft.] To *burft* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says—that John of Gaunt *burft* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] All the editions have coined a faint here, for *Sly* to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old play, called Hieronymo; Or, The Spanish Tragedy: which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play is here humourously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

Hiero. *Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo.*

Lor. *Back;—see'st thou not, the king is busy?*

Hiero. *Oh, is he so?*

King. *Who is he, that interrupts our business?*

Hiero. *Not I:—Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by.*

Se

*Hof.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough.<sup>6</sup>

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*]

*Wind horns. Enter a Lord from bunting, with a train.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is imboft;—<sup>7</sup>

And

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hostefs, cries to her in effect, "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, *go, by;*" and to fix the satire in his allusion, pleasantly calls her *Jeronymo*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> —*I must go fetch the Headborough.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, &c.]

This corrupt reading had pass'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning reply does *Sly* make to his Hostefs? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough*? The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostefs would say, that she'll fetch a *constable*: and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Third-borough*: and upon this term *Sly* founds the conundrum in his answer to her. Who does not perceive, at a single glance, some conceit started by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries: and in our statute-books, no farther back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*. THEOBALD.

Theobald took his explanation of *Third-borough*, from Cowel's Law Dict. which at the same time might have taught him to doubt of its propriety. In the *Personæ Dramatis* to Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Brach. Merriman, the poor cur is imboft,  
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.]*

Here



And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At

Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach* in Sir J. Mores's *Comfort against Tribulation*, book iii. ch. 24. "Here it must be known of some men that  
" can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms,  
" for then are we utterly ashamed, as ye wott well.—And I am  
" so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be  
" a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitche but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I  
" am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a  
" bitch be a bitch or not; my judgment goes no further, than  
" just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general  
" name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakespeare himself has made it a dog of a particular species.

*Maſtiff greyhound, mungrill grim,  
Hound or ſpaniel, brache or hym.*

K. LEAR, act iii. sc. 5.

But it is manifest from the passage of More just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and Fletcher. "A. Is that your brother? E. Yes, have you lost  
" your memory? A. As I live he is a pretty fellow. Y. O this  
" is a sweet *brache*." Scornful Lady, act i. sc. 1.

WARTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply some remedies* to *Merriman*, the poor cur has his joints swelled. Perhaps we might read, *bathe* *Merriman*, which is I believe the common practice of huntsmen, but the present reading may stand:

—tender well my bounds:

Brach—*Merriman*—the poor cur is imboſt.

JOHNSON.

I believe *brach* *Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old song,

"*Cow Crumbecke* is a very good cow."

*Brach* however appears to have been a particular sort of hound.

la

At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault ?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;  
He cried upon it at the meereft loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool ; if Eccho were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See,  
doth he breathe ?

*2 Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not  
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !  
—Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thy image !—  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.——

What think you, if he were convey'd to-bed,  
Wrapt in sweet cloaths ; rings put upon his fingers ;  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him ; when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

*1 Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

*2 Hun.* It would seem strange unto him, when he  
wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless  
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest :—  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confessor to  
the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two  
following lines ;

“ Four greyhounds & six *Bratches*,  
“ For hare, fox, and wild-cattes.”

STEEVENS.

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:  
 Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
 And burn sweet wood, to make the lodging sweet.  
 Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;  
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
 And, with a low submissive reverence  
 Say, What is it your honour will command?  
 Let one attend him with a silver basin  
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;  
 Another bear the ewer; the third a diaper;  
 And say——Will't please your lordship cool your  
 hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
 And ask him what apparel he will wear,  
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
 And that his lady mourns at his disease:  
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatick;  
 And when he says he is,——say that he dreams;<sup>8</sup>  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs;  
 It will be pastime excellent,

<sup>8</sup> *And when he says he is,——say that he dreams.  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.]*

One can hardly conceive that he would confess himself to be lunatic; neither is lunacy a thing incompatible with the condition of a lord. I should rather think that Shakespeare wrote,

“And when he says he's *poor*,—say, that he dreams.”

The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty which it would be natural for him to acknowledge.

STEEVENs.

If any thing should be inserted, it may be done thus.

“And when he says he's *Sly*, say that he dreams.”

The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say* produced the omission.

JOHNSON.

If

If it be husbanded with modesty<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;  
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,

[*Exit Servant.*

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now ? who is it ?

*Ser.* An't please your honour, players,  
That offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near :

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*Play.* We thank your honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

<sup>2</sup> *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.<sup>1</sup>

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :

I have forgot your name ; but sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.



*Sincklo.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.<sup>2</sup>

*Lord.* 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.  
Well, you are come to me in happy time,  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:  
But I am doubtful of your modesties;  
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,  
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
You break into some merry passion,  
And so offend him: for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*Play.* Fear not my lord; we can contain ourselves,  
Were he the veriest antick in the world.<sup>3</sup>

*Lord.*

<sup>2</sup> *I think, 'twas Soto*——] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women pleas'd*, in which comedy there is the character of Soto, who is a farmer's son, and a very facetious serving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here spoken; but the first folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of Soto with applause. THEOBALD.

As both the quarto and folio prefix the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why should we displace it? *Sincklo* is a name elsewhere used by Shakespeare. In one of the parts of Henry VI. *Humphrey* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foresters.

With this observation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*in the world.*] Here follows another insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play, which is neither found in the quarto, 1631, nor in the folio, 1623. I have therefore sunk it into a note, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the play was written by Shakespeare.

“<sup>2</sup> *Play.* [*to the other*] Go, get a dish-clout to make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.” \* [*Exit Player.*]

“My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.” †

The

\* *Property*] in the language of a playhouse, is every implement necessary to the exhibition. JOHNSON.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome, every one:  
Let them want nothing that the house affords.—

[Exit one with the players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him madam, do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished ;  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;  
And say, What is't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady and your humble wife,  
May shew her duty, and make known her love ?  
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,

The *shoulder of mutton* was indeed necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in the piece, neither were the players yet informed what comedy they should represent.

STEEVENS.

† ———a little vinegar to make our devil roar.] When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue ; at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh : as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the devil ; and used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue ; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part.——The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces.      WARBURTON.

The *bladder of vinegar* was likewise used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of *Cambyfes* (by T. Preston) when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received.—Here let a small bladder of vinegar be prick'd. I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the old books of cookery.      STEEVENS.

Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd  
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
 Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him <sup>6</sup>  
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:  
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An onion will do well for such a shift;  
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  
 See this dispatch'd, with all the haste thou canst;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,  
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen;  
 Which otherwise will go into extremes. [*Exit Lord.*]

• *Who for twice seven years——*] In former editions,

*Who for these seven years hath esteem'd himself*

*No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.*

I have ventured to alter a word here, against the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent passages. That the poet designed, the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident upon two parallel passages in the play to that purpose.

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *An onion——*] It is not unlikely that the onion was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So in Anthony and Cleopatra:

*The tears live in an onion that should water*

*This sorrow.*

STEEVENS.

# THE TAMING

## SCENE II.

*A room in the lord's house.*

*Enter Sly with Attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

*1 Man.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

*2 Man.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

*3 Man.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly, call not me—Honour, nor Lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son<sup>s</sup> of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say, I am

<sup>s</sup> ——— of *Burton-heath* ——— *Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot.*] I suspect we should read *Barton-heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakespeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character.      STEEVENS.



not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's —

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it, that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee;

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee strait

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

A a 3

*Lord.*

*Lord.* We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid;  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3 Man.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny  
wood;

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waining age.

*1 Man.* And 'till the tears that she hath shed for  
thee,

Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?  
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:  
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;  
And not a Tinker, not Christophero Sly.—  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*2 Man.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your  
hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!  
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,  
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak of all that time?

*1 Man.* Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—  
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;  
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house;

And

And say, you would present her at the <sup>8</sup> Leet,  
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts;  
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

<sup>3</sup> *Man.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.—<sup>9</sup>

*Enter lady, with attendants.*

*Sly.* I thank thee;—thou shalt not lose by it.

*Lady.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?

*Lady.* Here, noble lord: What is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

*Lady.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;  
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well: What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

<sup>8</sup> — *Leet,*] As the *Court leet*, or courts of the manor.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following speeches, from the old edition 1607. I have already observed that it is by no means certain, that the former comedy of the *Taming the Shrew* was written by Shakespeare, and have therefore removed them from the text.

“ *Sly.* By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed,

“ What is thy name?

“ *Man.* *Sim*, an it please your honour.

*Sly.* *Sim*? that's as much as to say, *Simeon*,

“ or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot.”

STEEVENS.

*Sly.* Alce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* <sup>1</sup> Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen years and more.

*Lady.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed. <sup>2</sup>

*Lady.* Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed. I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment, Are come to play a pleasant comedy, For so your doctors hold it very meet; Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood, And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy, Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pope, as I suppose, made likewise the following addition to this speech, for I cannot find the passage in either of the old copies, though it has been inserted in all the modern editions of Shakespeare.

“*Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim,* drink to her.” Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —come now to-bed.] Here Mr. Pope adds again—*Sim, drink to her.* STEEVENS.

And



And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play: Is not a Com-  
monty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

*Lady.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Lady.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't: come, madam wife, sit by  
my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be  
younger.

<sup>3</sup> *Is not a commonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*  
Thus the old copies; the modern ones read, *It is not a commodity,*  
&c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

A C T

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street in Padua.**Flourish. Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.*

L U C E N T I O.

**T**RANIO, since—for the great desire I had  
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—  
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,<sup>1</sup>  
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
 With his good will, and thy good company:  
 Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
 Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
 A course of learning, and <sup>2</sup>ingenious studies.  
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,<sup>3</sup>  
 Gave me my being; and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffick through the world:

<sup>1</sup> ———from *fruitful Lombardy*.] So Mr. Theobald. The former editions, instead of *from*, had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———*ingenious*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous studies*, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Pisa, renowned for grave citizens*.] This passage, I think, should be read and pointed thus:

*Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
 Vincentio, come of the Benti-volii.*

In the next line, which should begin a new sentence, *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vincentio's son*, which the author of the Revival not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio.

Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

Vin-

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue, and that part of philosophy <sup>4</sup>  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves  
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra. Me pardonato,* <sup>5</sup> gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself ;  
Glad, that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;  
Or, so devote to Aristotle's checks, <sup>6</sup>  
As Ovid be an out-cast quite abjur'd.  
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,  
And practice rhetorick in your common talk ;  
Musick and poesy, use to quicken you ;  
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,  
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

<sup>4</sup> *Virtue, and that part of philosophy*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *to* virtue ; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Me pardonato.*] We should read, *Mi perdonate.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Aristotle's checks,*] are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle.  
STEEVENS.

We could at once put us in readines ;  
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
 Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.  
 But stay a while : What company is this ?

*Tra.* Master, some shew, to welcome us to town.

*Enter Baptista with Catharina and Bianca. Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know :  
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
 Before I have a husband for the elder :  
 If either of you both love Catharina,  
 Because I know you well, and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather : she's too rough for me.  
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

*Cath.* I pray you, sir, is it your will  
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

*Hor.* Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates  
 for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*Cath.* I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;  
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart :  
 But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be  
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord !

*Tra.* Hush, master, here's some good pastime  
 toward ;  
 That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro-  
 ward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see  
 Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.  
 Peace, Tranio.

*Tra.* Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze  
 your fill.

} *aside.*

} *Bap.*



*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca:  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Cath.* A pretty peat! <sup>7</sup> 'tis best  
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.  
—Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments, shall be my company;  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio; thou may'st hear Minerva  
speak. [*aside.*]

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so <sup>8</sup> strange?  
Sorry am I, that our good-will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.—  
Go in, Bianca.— [*Exit Bianca.*]

And for I know, she taketh most delight  
In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
School-masters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—  
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

<sup>7</sup> *A pretty peat.*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakespeare's)

“*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure

“To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister, &c.”  
and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the pro-  
verbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*.

“He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*.” i. e. He is  
in great want of a wife who marries one who is her mother's dar-  
ling. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ————*so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from  
others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

Prefer them hither: for to cunning men<sup>9</sup>  
 I will be very kind; and liberal  
 To mine own children; in good bringing up;  
 And so farewell. Catharina, you may stay,  
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*]

*Cath.* Why, and, I trust, I may go too, May I not?  
 What, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike  
 I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*]

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam. Your gifts  
 are so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is  
 not so great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails to-  
 gether, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough on  
 both sides. Farewel:—Yet for the love I bear my  
 sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit  
 man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will  
 wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: But a word I  
 pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet  
 brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth  
 us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair  
 mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to la-  
 bour and effect one thing 'specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil!—

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, tho'  
 her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to  
 be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio! tho' it pass your patience  
 and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there  
 be good fellows in the world, an' a man could light

<sup>9</sup> *Cunning men.*] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signifi-  
 cation of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation  
 of the Bible. JOHNSON.

on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell : but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples. But, come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca ! Happy man be his dole ! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio ?

*Gre.* I am agreed ; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

*Manent Tranio and Lucentio.*

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible  
That love should on a sudden take such hold ?

*Luc.* Oh, Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible, or likely.  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness :  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
(That art to me as secret, and as dear,  
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was)  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish Tranio,  
If I atchieve not this young modest girl.  
Counsel me, Tranio, for, I know, thou canst ;  
Assist me, Tranio, for, I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now ;  
Affection is not rated from the heart.

If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so, \*

*Redime*

\* *If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,]* The next  
line from Terence, shews that we should read,

*If Love hath TOYL'd you,—*

i. e. taken

<sup>3</sup> *Redime te captum quàm queas minimò.*

*Luc.* Gramercy, lad ; go forward : this contents ;  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face ;  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her  
sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;  
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.  
I pray, awake, sir : If you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wit to atchieve her. Thus it  
stands ;—

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !  
But art thou not advis'd he took some care  
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her ?

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same author. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Redime, &c.*] Our author had this line from Lilly, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from Lilly, and not from Terence ; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*.

STEEVENS.

*Tra.*



*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand.

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be school-master,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid;  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: May it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible; For who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?  
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* Basta; \* — content thee; for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
For man or master: then it follows thus:—  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;  
Keep house, and ' port, and servants, as I should.  
I will some other be; some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.  
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee:  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]  
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient,  
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;  
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,  
Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense)  
I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

\* *Basta*,] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. This expression occurs in the *Mad Lover*, and the *Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Port.*] *Port*, is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter Biondello.*

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been ?

*Bion.* Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your cloaths ? or you stolen his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to jest ;  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his :  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am descry'd :  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me ?

*Bion.* Ay, sir, ne'er a whit——

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;  
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him : 'Would, I were so too !

*Tra.* So would I, 'ifaith, boy, to have the next wish after ; that Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies : when I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ; but in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go : one thing more rests, that thyself execute ; to make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty <sup>4</sup>.

SCENE

<sup>4</sup> ——good and weighty.] The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions.

## SCENE II.

*Before Hortensio's house in Padua.*

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua; but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house;  
Here, sirrah, Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir? whom should I knock? is there  
any man, has rebus'd your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,  
sir,  
That I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome: I should  
knock you first, -

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;  
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

*[He wrings him by the ears.]*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

*Enter Hortensio.*

*Hor.* How now? what's the matter? My old  
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! how  
do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il Core, ben trovato*, may I say.

Shakespeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here,  
where the speeches of the Tinker, &c. were introduced; though  
they are now thrown to the end of the first act, as it stands ac-  
cording to the modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

*Hor. Alla nostra Casa ben venuto,  
Molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio rise; we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he, 'leges \* in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir; he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate? O heavens! spake you not these words plain? *Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly:* and come you now with—knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,  
Signior

\* —what he 'leges in Latin.] i. e. I suppose, what he alleges in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> Where small experience grows but in a few.] This nonsense should be read thus:

Where small experience grows but in a MEW,  
i. e. a confinement at home. And the meaning is, that no improvement is to be expected of those who never look out of doors.

WARBURTON.

Why



Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me.

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Happly to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?

Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:

And yet, I'll promise thee, she shall be rich,

And very rich :—but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as us  
Few words suffice: and, therefore if you know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance<sup>6</sup>)

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>7</sup>

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

<sup>8</sup> Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough

As

Why this should seem nonsense, I cannot perceive. *In a few*  
means the same as *in short*, *in few words*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance.*] The *burthen* of a  
*dance* is an expression which I have never heard ; the *burthen* of  
*his wooing song* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love*] This I suppose relates  
to a circumstance in some Italian novel, and should be read Flo-  
rentio's. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Affection's edge in me.*] This man is a strange talker. He  
tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection*, he thinks  
so little of the matter, that give him but a rich mistress, and he  
will take her though incrust'd all over with the worst bad quali-  
ties of age, ugliness, and ill-manners. Yet after this, he talks of  
*affection's edge* being so strong in him that nothing can abate it.  
Some of the old copies indeed, instead of *me* read *time*: this will  
direct us to the true reading, which I am persuaded is this,

*Affection* SIEG'D IN COIN,

i. e. placed, seated, fixed. This makes him speak to the pur-  
pose,

As are the swelling Adriatick seas,  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua:  
If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; <sup>9</sup> or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we have stept thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous; Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman. Her only fault, (and that is fault enough) Is, that she is intolerably curst: And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:

pose, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expression too is proper, as the metaphor is intire—to remove affection sieg'd in coin. WARBURTON.

Surely the sense of the present reading is too obvious to be misfed or mistaken. Petruchio says, that, *if a girl has money enough, no bad qualities of mind or body will remove affection's edge*; i. e. hinder him from liking her. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *aglet*,] the tag of a point. POPE.

So in the Spanish Tragedy, 1605:

“ And all those stars that gaze upon her face,  
“ Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins and her train.”

STEEVENS.

Her

Her name is Catharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, tho' I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well.  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, 'till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; ' an' he begin once, he'll rail—In his rope-tricks (I'll tell you what, sir) an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, <sup>2</sup> that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;  
For in Baptista's house my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;

<sup>1</sup> *an' he begin once, he'll rail—In his rope-tricks.*] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *he'll rail in his rhetoric*; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare uses *ropery* for *rogue*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.*] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. Probably the poet meant to have said—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diversion see an account in *Much Ado*, &c. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> And her with-holds he from me, and other more  
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd)  
 That ever Catharina will be woo'd,  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—  
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
 'Till Catharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Catharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst!

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;  
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
 To old Baptista as a school-master,  
 Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca:  
 That so I may by this device, at least,  
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her;  
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter Grumio and Lucentio disguis'd.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old  
 folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!  
 Master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love.  
*Petruchio.* stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous!—

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perus'd the note.  
 Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound:  
 All books of love; see that, at any hand;  
 And see, you read no other lectures to her:  
 You understand me:—Over and beside  
 Signior Baptista's liberality,

<sup>2</sup> *And her with-holds, &c.] It stood thus:*

*And her with-holds he from me.*

*Other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.*

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to  
 me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.



I'll mend it with a largess: Take your papers too,  
 And let me have them very well perfum'd :  
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
 To whom they go. What will you read to her ?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
 As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd)  
 As firmly as yourself were still in place :  
 Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words  
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* Oh this learning ! what a thing it is !

*Gru.* O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah.

*Hor.* Grumio, mum ! God save you, signior Gremio !

*Gre.* And you are well met, signior Hortensio.  
 Trow you

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.  
 I promis'd to enquire carefully  
 About a school-master for the fair Bianca :  
 And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
 On this young man ; for learning and behaviour  
 Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,  
 And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

*Hor.* 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,  
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another,  
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;  
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall  
 prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :  
 Listen to me ; and, if you speak me fair,  
 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
 Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
 Will undertake to woo curst Catharine ;

Yea,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? what countryman?

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;  
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

*Gre.* Oh, sir, such a life with such a wife were  
strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name;  
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?  
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field?  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and<sup>4</sup> trumpet's clang?  
And do ye tell me of a woman's tongue,

<sup>4</sup> ———and trumpets clang?] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*. b. xi. v. 829, and not as a verb.

———an island salt and bare,

The haunt of seals, and ores, and sea-mews clang.

WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang* as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

*I hear the clang of trumpets in this house.*

*The trumpet's clang* is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet bestowed on that instrument. STEEVENS.

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear<sup>5</sup>  
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush, tush! fear boys<sup>6</sup> with bugs.

*Gru.* For he fears none.—

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

*Hor.* I promis'd, we would be contributors;  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will; provided that he win her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters?<sup>7</sup> Is't he  
you mean?

*Tra.* Even he, Biondello.

*Gre.* Hark you, sir; you mean not her to——

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, sir: What have you  
to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir: Biondello, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:—

<sup>5</sup> *That gives not half so great a blow to HEAR,*] This awkward phrase could never come from Shakespeare. He wrote, without question,

———*so great a blow to TH'EAR.*      WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *———with bugs.*] i. e. with bug-bears.

So in *Cymbeline*,

———*are become*

*The mortal bugs o'th' field.*      STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *He that has the two fair daughters, &c.*] This speech should rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. The following passages might be written thus,

*Tra.* *Even he. Biondello!*

*Gre.* *Hark you, sir; you mean not her too.*

T. T.

Are

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,——

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen, Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have;

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,

Tho' Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two: The one as famous for a scolding tongue, As the other is for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules; And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:— The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for, Her father keeps from all access of suitors, And will not promise her to any man, Until the eldest sister first be wed:

The



The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;  
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—  
Atchieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,<sup>9</sup>  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so,  
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

[The Presenters, above, speak here.]

1 Man. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yea, by St. Ann, do I. A good matter, surely,  
—comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.  
'Would, 'twere done!—

<sup>9</sup> Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,] Mr. Theobald asks what they were to contrive? and then says, a foolish corruption possesses the place, and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to project but to spend, and wear out. As in this passage of Spenser,

Three ages such as mortal men CONTRIVE.

Fairy Queen. b. xi. ch. 9.

WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same sense of *spending* or *wearing out* in the Palace of Pleasure. JOHNSON.

A C T

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Baptista's house in Padua.**Enter Catharina and Bianca.*

BIANCA.

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: ' but for these other gawds,  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself;  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy suitors here, I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see, thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  
I never yet beheld that special face,  
Which I could fancy more than any other.<sup>1</sup>

*Cath.* Minion, thou liest: Is't not Hortensio?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Cath.* Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;  
You will have Gremio, to keep you fair.<sup>2</sup>

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while:  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

<sup>1</sup> —but for these other goods,] This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that, I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> —to keep you fair.] I wish to read, *To keep you fine*. But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——

Bianca, stand aside; poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding<sup>3</sup> of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Cath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

*Bap.* What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Cath.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! pray, have not you a daughter

Call'd Catharina, fair and virtuous?

<sup>3</sup> ——— *hilding* ———] The word *hilding* or *binderling*, is a low wretch; it is applied to Catharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* I have a daughter, fir, call'd Catharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt ; go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio ; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, fir,  
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—  
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

I do present you with a man of mine,  
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, fir ; and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter Catharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see, you do not mean to part with her ;  
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, fir ? what may I call your name ?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, let  
Us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.  
Baccare ! you are marvellous forward. \*

*Pet.*

\* ——— Baccare, you are marvellous forward.] We must read, *Baccalare* ; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous



*Pet.* Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* <sup>s</sup> I doubt it not, fir, but you will curse your wooing.——

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Rheims, [*Presenting Lucentio,*] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle fir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To Tranio.*] may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, fir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous: Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

tuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

“*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow;

“Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, throw you?”

“*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se

“Mortimer’s sow speaketh as good Latin as he.”

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages*: and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden.

FARMER.

<sup>s</sup> *I doubt it not, fir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus, *I doubt it not, fir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, &c.* addressing himself to Baptista.

WARBURTON.

In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
 This liberty is all that I request;  
 That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  
 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
 And free access and favour as the rest.  
 And, toward the education of your daughters,  
 I here bestow a simple instrument,  
 And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:  
 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report  
 I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.  
 Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!—

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them  
 both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Serv. with Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
 And then to dinner: you are passing welcome;  
 And so, I pray you all, to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
 And every day I cannot come to woo.  
 You knew my father well; and in him, me,  
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
 Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd:  
 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands;  
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
 Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—

In

In all my lands and leases whatsoever :  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded :  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :  
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all :  
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy  
speed !  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend ? why dost thou look  
so pale ?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good mu-  
sician ?

*Hor.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the  
lute ?

*Hor.* Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

*Frets, call you these ?* quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute :  
 While she did call me, rascal, fidler,  
 And twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,  
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;  
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did :  
 Oh, how I long to have some chat with her !

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :  
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;  
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.  
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;  
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

*Pet.* I pray you do. I will attend her here,

[*Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain,  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :  
 Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 As tho' she bid me stay by her a week ;  
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—  
 But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter Catharine.*

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

*Cath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of  
 hearing :

They call me Catharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lye, in faith ; for you are call'd plain  
 Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But



But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
 Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
 (For dainties are all Cates) And therefore Kate,  
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!—  
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,  
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)  
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Cath.* Mov'd!—in good time:—let him that mov'd  
 you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first  
 You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Cath.* A joint stool.<sup>6</sup>

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

*Cath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Cath.* No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee:  
 For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Cath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should *bee*?—should *buz*—

*Cath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take  
 thee?

*Cath.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.<sup>7</sup>

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i'faith you are too  
 angry.

<sup>6</sup> *A joint stool.*] This is a proverbial expression,

“Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool.”

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read  
 better,

*Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a turtle, and he shall find me a hawk.

JOHNSON.

*Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not, where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail. —

*Cath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

*Pet.* What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

*Cath.* That I'll try. *[She strikes him.]*

*Pet.* I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Cath.* So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

*Cath.* What is your crest, a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Cath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so four.

*Cath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not four.

*Cath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then, shew it me.

*Cath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Cath.* Well aim'd of such a young one. —

*Pet.* Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.

*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Cath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gameesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?

Oh slanderous world! Kate, like a hazle-twig,

Is strait, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

*Cath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!—

*Cath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Cath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise? \*

*Cath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Why, so I mean, sweet Catharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented,

\* *Am I not wise?*

*Yes, keep you warm.]*

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*.

*—your house has been kept warm, sir.*

*I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are wise too.*

So in our poet's *Much Ado*, &c.

*—that if he has wit enough to keep himself warm.*

STEEVENS.

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;  
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)  
 Thou must be married to no man but me.  
 For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;  
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate\*  
 Conformable, as other household Kates;  
 Here comes your father; never make denial,  
 I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

*Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.*

*Bap.* Now, signior Petruchio; how speed you with my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?

*It* were impossible, I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Catharine? in your dumps?

*Cath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,  
 You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,  
 To wish me wed to one half lunatick;  
 A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,  
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world,  
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
 If she be curst, it is for policy:  
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
 For patience, she will prove a second Grissel;  
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

\* ——— *a wild Kate to a Kate*  
*Conformable,]*

Thus the folio, and the quarto 1631. The modern editors read, with an appearance of probability, but without authority or notice,

——— *a wild Cat to a Kate, &c.*

STEEVENS.

And,



And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Cath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark : Petruchio ! she says, she'll see thee  
hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night,  
our part !

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen, I chuse her for myself ;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me : Oh, the kindest Kate !—

She hung about my neck ; and kifs on kifs<sup>9</sup>

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, (when men and women are alone)

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate ; I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;

I will be sure, my Catharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say, but give your hands ;  
God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :

We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;

And kifs me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Ex. Petruchio, and Catharine severally.*

<sup>9</sup> ————kifs on kifs  
*She vy'd so fast, ————]*

I know not that the word *vie* has any construction that will suit  
this place ; we may easily read,

—————kifs on kifs  
*She ply'd so fast.*

JOHNSON.

*Gre.*

*Gre.* Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—

Now is the day we long have looked for :

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one, that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry. <sup>1</sup>

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound  
this strife :

'Tis deeds, must win the prize ; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have Bianca's love.——

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

<sup>1</sup> *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell :

*The fire of love in youthful blood,  
Like what is kindled in brush-wood,*

*But for a moment burns——*

*But when crept into aged veins,  
It slowly burns, and long remains,  
It glows, and with a fullen heat,  
Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long ;  
And though the flame be not so great,  
Yet is the heat as strong.*

JOHNSON.

The same thought occurs in *A Woman never Vex'd*, Com. by Rowley, 1632 :

“ My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when thy green  
“ chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner.” STEEVENS.

*Gre.*

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;  
 Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;  
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :  
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;  
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints, <sup>2</sup>  
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl ;  
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work ;  
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house, or house-keeping : then, at my farm,  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess,  
 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers ;  
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That, *only*, came well in——Sir, list to me ;  
 I am my father's heir, and only son :  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa's walls, as any one  
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
 Of fruitful land ; all which shall be her jointure.—  
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land ! <sup>3</sup>  
 My

<sup>2</sup> ——counterpoints,] i. e. counterpanes. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !  
*My land amounts not to so much in all :  
 That she shall have, and——]*

Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning, something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled at the high settlement Tranio proposes : says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at cross purposes. The change of the *negative*

My land amounts not to so much in all :  
 That she shall have ; besides an argosy  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
 What, have I choak'd you with an argosy ?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses  
 And twelve tight gallies ; these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;  
 And she can have no more than all I have ;  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the  
 world,

By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess, your offer is the best ;  
 And let your father make her the assurance,  
 She is your own ; else you must pardon me :  
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old ?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,  
 I am thus resolv'd : On Sunday next, you know,  
 My daughter Catharine is to be married :  
 Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca

*gative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. Gremio and Tranio are vyeing in their offers to carry Bianca : the latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats per annum. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value ; yet she shall have *that* : I'll endow her with the *whole* ; and consign a rich vessel to her use, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his rival. WARBURTON.

Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above ; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value from his subjoining.

*What, have I choak'd you with an argosy ?*

REVISAL.

be



Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to signior Gremio:  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*  
*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee  
not:

Sirrah, young gamester; your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and, in his waining age  
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*  
*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!  
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten. \*

'Tis

\* *Yet have I fac'd it with a card of ten:]* That is, with the  
highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that  
this became a proverbial expression. So Skelton,

*Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,  
And so outface him with a card of ten.*

And Ben Johnson, in his *Sad Shepherd*,

————— a Hart of ten  
*I throw be be.*

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

If the word *hart* be right, I do not see any use of the latter quotation. JOHNSON.

*A hart of ten* is an expression taken from the *Laws of the Forest*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is past six years of age, he is generally call'd *a hart of ten*.

*Forest Laws*, 4to, 1598.

The former expression is very common. So in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608.

*I may be out-fac'd with a card of ten.*

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were antiently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dresses. So Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*:

*When she is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,  
Some may be coats, as in the cards.*

So Greene, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, 1592.

“—call what you will, either hart, spade, club, or diamond,  
“ *cote-card*, or other.”

Again,

'Tis in my head to do my master good :—  
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
 May get a father, call'd, suppos'd Vincentio ;  
 And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,  
 Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.<sup>5</sup>  
 [Exit.]

Again, in *May-Day*, a Comedy, by Chapman, 1611 :

“ She had in her hand the ace of hearts and a *coat-card*. She  
 “ led the board with her *coat* ; I plaid the varlet, and took up  
 “ her *coat* ; and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts,  
 “ up started a quite contrary card.”

Again in B. Jonson's *Staple of News*.

“ ————— We call'd him a *coat-card*  
 “ O' the last order.” —————

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law* :

“ ——— Here's a trick of discarded cards of us : we were rank'd  
 “ with *coats* as long as my old master liv'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Here the former editors add,

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again ? \**

Sim. *Anon, my lord.*

Sly. *Give us some more drink here ; where's the tapster ?*

*Here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Sim. *I do, my lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

These speeches of the presenters, (as they are called) are neither to be found in the folio or quarto. Mr. Pope, as in the former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name ; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connection with the present comedy. I have degraded them as usual into the note, till their claim to a place in the text can be better ascertained. STEEVENS.

\* *When will the fool come again ?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that Sly asks, *When will the fool come ?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Baptista's house.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

LUCENTIO.

**F**idler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir :  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Catharine welcom'd you withal ?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony :  
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous afs! that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down;—  
Take you your instrument, play you the while ;  
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

*[Hortensio retires.]*

*Luc.* That will be never; tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Here, madam : *Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before ; *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ; *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we may beguile the old pantaloon.<sup>6</sup>

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

*Bian.* Let's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see, if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ; *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ; *regia*, presume not ; *celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

*Pedafscale*, I'll watch you better yet.<sup>7</sup>

*Bian.* In time I may believe ; yet I mistrust.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Pantaloan*,] the old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Pedafscale*,——] He would have said *Didafscale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedafscale*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I fancy it is no coinage of Shakespeare's. It is more probable that it lay in his way, and he found it. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *In time I may believe ; yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven verses, that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers ; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Mistrust it not ;—for, sure, Æacides  
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master ; else, I promise  
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :—

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you :—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave awhile ;  
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art ;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :  
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [*reading.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all ac-  
cord,

*Are, to plead Hortensio's passion ;*

*B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

*C faut, that loves with all affection ;*

*D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,*

*E la mi, show pity, or I die.*

Call you this, gamut ? tut ! I like it not :  
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice<sup>9</sup>  
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter*

<sup>9</sup> *Old fashions please me best : I'm not so nice  
To change true rules for new inventions.]*

This is sense and the meaning of the passage ; but the reading of  
the second verse, for all that, is sophisticated. The genuine co-  
pies all concur in reading,

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [Exit.]

*Luc.* Faith, mistress then I have no cause to stay. [Exit.]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant;  
Methinks, he looks as tho' he was in love:—  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharine, Lucentio,  
Bianca, and attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day  
That Catharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Cath.* No shame, but mine: I must, forsooth,  
be fore'd  
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,

*To change true rules for old inventions.*

THEOBALD.

I suppose we may safely read *odd* inventions. I know not who  
first propos'd it. STEEVENS.

Unto

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;<sup>1</sup>  
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
 I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
 And, to be noted for a merry man;  
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
 Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the bans;  
 Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.  
 Now must the world point at poor Catharine,  
 And say, *lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,*  
*If it would please him come and marry her.*

*Tra.* Patience good Catharine, and Baptista too;  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
 Tho' he blunt, I know him passing wise:  
 Tho' he merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Cath.* Would Catharine had never seen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;  
 For such an injury would vex a saint,  
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master; news, old news,<sup>2</sup>—and such  
 news as you never heard of:

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bian.* Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's  
 coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

<sup>1</sup> *Full of spleen.*] That is, *full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————*old news.*] These words have been added by some of the editors, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have been already spoken,—*old laughing*,—*old utis*, &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But, say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; <sup>3</sup> a pair of boots that have been candle-cases; <sup>4</sup> one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points: His horse hip'd with an old moth-y saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, <sup>5</sup> past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; fwaidd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd, to keep

<sup>3</sup> *A pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points.]* How a sword should have two broken points, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of point to sword. I read, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword —with a broken hilt, and chapeless. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —that have been candle-cases.] That's, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other place, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1635, entitled, *The Case is Alter'd, How?*—"I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor candle-cases." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —infected with the fashions, —past cure of the fives.] *Fashions.* So called in the west of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcins*, or *farcy*.

*Fives.* So called in the west: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GRAY.

him



him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* Oh, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse: with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; <sup>6</sup> an old hat, and *the humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet sometimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

<sup>6</sup> *An old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather:]* This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakespeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have born them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen.* As the bluntness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it.* WARBURTON.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by St. Jamy, I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?  
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;  
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,  
Tho' in some part enforced to digress;<sup>7</sup>  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

[— to digress;] to deviate from any promise.

JOHNSON.

But,

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done  
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I could change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exit.*

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

*Tra.* But, sir, our love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,  
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)   
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance here in Padua  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not, that my fellow school-master  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,  
I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our 'vantage in this business:

D d 4

We'll

We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio;  
 The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter Gremio.*

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curfter than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; when the priest  
 Should ask, if Catharine should be his wife?

*Ay, by gogs-wouns,* quoth he; and swore so loud,  
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:  
*Now take them up,* quoth he, *if any list.*

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he rose up again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,  
 and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: *A health,* quoth he; as if

He had been aboard carowing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel<sup>s</sup>

And

<sup>s</sup> ——— *quaff'd off the muscadel,*] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the two Maids of More-clacke*, a comedy, by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom



And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;  
 Having no other reason, but that his beard  
 Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask  
 Him sops as he was drinking. This done, he took  
 The bride about the neck ; and kifs'd her lips  
 With such a clamorous smack, that, at the parting  
 All the church did echo ; and I seeing this,  
 Came thence for very shame ; and after me,  
 I know, the rout is coming : such a mad marriage  
 Never was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels  
 play. *[Musick plays.]*

*Enter Petruchio, Catharine, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,  
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;  
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come.—  
 Make it no wonder ! if you knew my business,  
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
 And, honest company, I thank you all,

to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus :

*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

*“ Maid. Strew, strew.*

*“ Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church.*

*“ The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend*

*“ To make them man and wife.”*

Again in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602.

—“ and when we are at church, bring the wine and cakes.”

STEEVENS.

That

That have beheld me give away myself  
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Cath.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* I am content——

*Cath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall intreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

*Cath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horses.

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten  
the horses.

*Cath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.  
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,  
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;  
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:  
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O Kate content thee; prythee, be not angry.

*Cath.* I will be angry; what hast thou to do?—  
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—  
I see, a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-  
mand.—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;

Ca-

Carouse full measure to her maiden-head ;  
 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves :  
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;  
 I will be master of what is mine own :  
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,  
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,  
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;  
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.  
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he  
 That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,  
 Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;  
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—  
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,  
 Kate ;  
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exit Pet. and Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with  
 laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Katèd.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bride-  
 groom want

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast ;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio : Come, gentlemen, let's  
 go.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Petruchio's country house.**Enter Grumio.*

GRUMIO.

**F**Y, fy on all tired jades, on all mad masters,  
 and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten?  
 ' Was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I  
 am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming  
 after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot,  
 and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth,  
 my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my  
 belly, ere I could come by a fire to thaw me: but I,  
 with blowing the fire shall warm myself; for con-  
 sidering the weather, a taller man than I will take  
 cold: Holla, hoa, Curtis!

*Enter Curtis.**Curt.* Who is it that calls so coldly?*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st  
 slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater

• *Was ever man so ray'd?*] That is, was ever man so mark'd  
 with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewray'd*, i. e. made dirty. So Spenser speaking  
 of a fountain, b. ii. cant. 8. st. 32.

*Which she increased with her bleeding heart,  
 And the clean waves with purple gore did ray.*

Again, b. iii. cant. 8. st. 32.

*The whiles the piteous lady up did rise,  
 Ruffled and foully ray'd with filthy soil.*

TOLLET.

a run



a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew, as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, <sup>1</sup> winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* <sup>2</sup> Away, you three-inch'd fool! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? <sup>3</sup> why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

<sup>1</sup> *Gru.* —winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and MY self, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.] Why had Grumio call'd him one; to give his resentment any colour. We must read as, without question, Shakespeare wrote,

—and THY self, fellow Curtis.

Why Grumio said that winter had tamed Curtis was for his slowness in shewing Grumio to a good fire. Besides, all the joke consists in the sense of this alteration. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Away, you three-inch'd fool;]* i. e. with a skull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at least.]* Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to my horn. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

*Gru.* Why, <sup>4</sup> Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

*Gru.* Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? <sup>5</sup> be

<sup>4</sup> *Jack boy, &c.*] fragment of some old ballad. WARB.

<sup>5</sup> *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? But the Oxford Editor alters it thus,

*Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?*

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: *Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master dress'd; and the maids, who are waiting within dress'd too?*

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid-servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them; was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside like the leather.

The quibble on the former of these words I find in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611.

— “have you drunk yourselves mad?”

“*I Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

“*D'Am.* I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee.”

STEEVENS.

the

the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: Inprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

*Curt.* Both on one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell; and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; <sup>6</sup> how he swore; how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy me-

<sup>6</sup> —how he swore,

And how she pray'd, that never pray'd before.]

These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of K. Leir, published before that of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

mory;

mory ; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay ; and that you and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarlop, and the rest : let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their <sup>7</sup> garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that ?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems ; that call'st for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter four or five serving-men.*

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio.

*Phil.* How now, Grumio ?

*Jos.* What, Grumio !

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio !

*Nath.* How now, old lad ?

*Gru.* Welcome, you ; how now, you ; what, you ; fellow, you ; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

<sup>7</sup> garters of an indifferent knit.] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their garters should be fellows ; indifferent, or not different, one from the other. JOHNSON.

*Nath.*



*Nath.* All things are ready: how near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

*Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*Pet.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!

What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whorson, malt-horse drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made;

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link, to colour Peter's hat;<sup>8</sup>

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Where is the life that late I led?*

[*Singing.*]

<sup>8</sup> ——no link to colour Peter's hat;] *Link*, I believe, is the same with what we now call *lamp-black*. JOHNSON.

A *Link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says——“This cozenage is used likewise in selling olde hats found upon dunghills instead of newe, blacktover with the *smoake* of an olde linke.” STEEVENS.

Where are those——sit down, Kate,  
And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud !<sup>9</sup>

*Re-enter Servants with supper.*

Why, when, I say ? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues : you villains, when ?

*It was the friar of orders grey,<sup>1</sup> [Sings.  
As he forth walked on his way :—*

Out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry.  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. [Strikes him.  
Be merry, Kate : Some water, here ; what ho !

*Enter one with water.*

Where's my spaniel Troilus ? Sirrah, get you hence,  
<sup>2</sup> And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—  
One, Kate, that you must kifs, and be acquainted  
with.

Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some water ?

<sup>9</sup> ——*Soud, foud, &c.*] That is, *sweet, sweet*. *Soot*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is, to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *It was the friar of orders grey.*] Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas ; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.*] This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Catharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel to his commands.

STEEVENS.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily :

You, whorson villain ! will you let it fall ?

*Cath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know, you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

I Ser. Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Ser. I.*

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And ferve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all :

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Cath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger :

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient, to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Servants severally.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like ?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

Грн. Where is he?

*Re-enter Curtis.*

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,  
And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard, <sup>3</sup>  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat :  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not :  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed ;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :  
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,  
That all is done in reverend care of her ;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :  
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.

<sup>3</sup> ————*to man my haggard.*] A *haggard* is a wild hawk ;  
to man a hawk is to tame her. JOHNSON.

So in a comedy called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606.

" *Haggard*, I'll make your proud heart stoop to the lure of obedience." STEEVENS.

This



This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;—  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour.—  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity, to shew. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca<sup>4</sup>  
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?  
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.  
 [They stand by.

<sup>4</sup> *Is't possible, friend Licio, &c.*] This scene, Mr Pope, upon what authority I can't pretend to guess, has in his editions made the *first* of the *fifth* act : in doing which, he has shewn the very power and force of criticism. The consequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable absurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the scenes out of their true position, we find Hortensio, in the fourth act, already gone from Baptista's to Petruchio's country-house ; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth act we find him first forming the resolution of quitting Bianca ; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-school to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetoric, call'd, ὑπερὸν ἀγέρεον ; but this is an abuse of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Pope's authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first entrance, and quits the stage with Tranio in order to go and dress himself like Vincentio, whom he was to personate : but his second entrance is upon the very heels of his exit ; and without any interval of an *act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equip'd like Vincentio. If such a critick be fit to publish a stage-writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his sagacity. I have replaced the scenes in that order, in which I found them in the old books.

THEOBALD.

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read That I profess, the art to love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart,  
[*They retire backward.*]

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! now, tell me, I pray

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O despightful love! unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court!——Signior  
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours,  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry her, though she would intreat.  
Fy on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world, but he, had quite for-  
sworn!

For

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass; which has as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit Hor.

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,  
As longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn me ?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy !

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

*Bian.* The taming school ! what, is there such a place ?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello, running.*

*Bion.* Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,  
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied  
\* An ancient angel going down the hill,

Will

\* *An ancient angel.*] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *engle*. JOHNSON.

Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatante,<sup>5</sup> or a pedant;  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.<sup>6</sup>

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;  
And give him assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;  
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

It is true that the word *engble*, which Hanmer calls a gull, deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime) is sometimes used by B. Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakespeare.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Master, a mercatante, or a pedant.*] The old editions read *mercantant*. The Italian word *mercatante* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Surely, like a father.*] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

*Tra.*



*Tra.* Of Mantua, fir? Marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, carelefs of your life?

*Ped.* My life, fir! how, I pray you; for that goes hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua: Know you not the caufe?  
Your fhips are ftaid at Venice; and the duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it elfe proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, fir, it is worfe for me than fo;  
For I have bills for mony by exchange  
From Florence, and muft here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, fir, to do you courtefy,  
This will I do, and this will I advife you;  
Firft, tell me, have you ever been at Pifa?

*Ped.* Ay, fir, in Pifa have I often been:  
Pifa, renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, fir; and, footh to fay,  
In countenance fomewhat doth refemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyfter, and all  
one. [Aside.]

*Tra.* To fave your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his fake:  
And think it not the worft of all your fortunes,  
That you are like to fir Vincentio.

His name and credit fhall you undertake,  
And in my houfe you fhall be friendly lodg'd:—  
Look, that you take upon you as you fhould.

You underftand me, fir; fo fhall you ftay,  
'Till you have done your bufinefs in the city.  
If this be courtefy, fir, accept of it.

*Ped.* Oh, fir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The

The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good.

This by the way I let you understand,

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :

Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Catharine and Grumio.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth ; I dare not for my life.

*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon intreaty, have a present alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor never needed that I should intreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :

And that, which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who would say, If I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

<sup>1</sup> *Go with me, &c.]* There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakespeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of *Petruchio*. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæfron*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna to Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

I pr'ythee

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Cath.* 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

*Cath.* I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell;—I fear, it's cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

*Cath.* A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Cath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Cath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruckio and Hortensio, with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all a-mort?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Cath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.<sup>8</sup>——  
Here, take away the dish.

*Cath.* I pray you let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Cath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fy! you are to blame:  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. —  
[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey-love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and <sup>9</sup> fardingals, and things;  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.  
What, hast thou din'd? The taylor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

*Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

<sup>8</sup> *And all my pains is sorted to no proof.*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. *We tried an experiment, but it sorted not.* Bacon. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—fardingals, and things:*] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, act ii. sc. 5, when the rhyme did not force it upon him.

*We will have rings, and things, and fine array.*

STEEVENS.

*Pet.*



*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer,  
A velvet dish ; fy, fy ! 'tis lewd and filthy :  
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :  
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Cath.* I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not 'till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste.

*Cath.* ' Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to  
speak,

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe :  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;  
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;  
Or, else my heart, concealing it, will break :  
And rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap.  
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :  
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Cath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown ? why, ay.— Come, taylor, let us  
see't.

O mercy, heaven ! what masking stuff is here ?  
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :  
What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and slash,

<sup>1</sup> *Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, &c.]* Shakespeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew : when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

Like

Like to a <sup>2</sup> censer in a barber's shop :

Why, what o' devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this ?

*Hor.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

*Tay.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did : but if you be remembred,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir :  
I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

*Cath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true, he means to make a puppet of  
thee.

*Tay.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* Oh monstrous arrogance !  
Thou lye'st, thou thread, thou thimble,<sup>3</sup>  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou !  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tay.* Your worship is deceiv'd : the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction :  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

<sup>2</sup> *Censers,*] in barber's shops, are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *thou thimble,*] The taylor's trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

*Grumio.*

*Gru.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*Tay.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, fir, with needle and thread.

*Tay.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tay.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me : thou hast brav'd many men ; brave not me : I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

*Tay.* Why, here is a note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

*Tay.* *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread ; I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tay.* *With a small compass'd cape ;*<sup>3</sup>

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tay.* *With a trunk sleeve :—*

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tay.* *The sleeves curiously cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, fir, error i' the bill. I commanded, the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

<sup>3</sup> —a small compass'd cape ;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women ; and adds —“ Some have *capes* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely.” STEEVENS.

A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to come round. JOHNSON.

*Tay.*

*Tay.* This is true, that I say; an' I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy <sup>4</sup> mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, fir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, fir, 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, fir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* Oh, fir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!  
Oh, fy, fy, fy!

*Pet.* Hortensio, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid.

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tay.*

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

<sup>4</sup> —thy mete-yard,] i. e. thy measuring-yard. STEEVENS.



Oh, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse  
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.  
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :  
 And therefore, frolick ; we will hence forthwith,  
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—  
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;  
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,  
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—  
 Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
 And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Cath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;  
 And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.  
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
 You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone,  
 I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,  
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exit. Pet. Cath. and Hor.\**]

\* After this exit, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, are introduced again, from the spurious comedy mentioned in the former notes.

*Lord.* *Who's within there ?*

Enter Servants.

*Asleep again ! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case,"*

*Serv.* *It shall be done, my lord ; come help to bear him hence.*

[*They bear off Sly.*]

STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

*Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.*

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house; please it you, that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else! and (but I be deceiv'd,) Signior Baptista may remember me  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus.<sup>6</sup>

*Tra.* 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: But, fir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;  
Imagine, 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was in Venice;

<sup>5</sup> I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus.*] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

And

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink;

Here comes Baptista : set your countenance, fir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

*Tra.* Signior Baptista, you are happily met :  
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of ;  
I pray you stand, good father, to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son.

Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself :  
And for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him ; to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care  
To have him match'd ; and, if you please to like  
No worse than I, fir, upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find most ready and most willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd :  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :  
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :  
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done,  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

F f 2

*Tra.*

*Tra.* I thank you, fir. <sup>7</sup> Where then do you know best,

Be we affied; and such assurance taken,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkning still;  
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, fir:  
There doth my father lie; and there, this night  
We'll pass the business privately and well:  
Send for your daughter by your servant here,  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:  
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart!  
[Exit.]

*Tra.* Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.  
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?  
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.  
Come, fir, we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you. [Exeunt.]

*Bion.* Cambio. [Lucentio returns.]

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello?

<sup>7</sup> —Where then do you know best,

Be we affied;—]

This seems to be wrong. We may read more commodiously,

—Where then you do know best

Be we affied;—

Or thus, which I think is right,

Where then do you trow best,

We be affied;— JOHNSON.

*Bion.*



*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then?

*Bion.* The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; expect, they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to the church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir, and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*A green lane.**Enter Petruchio, Catharine, and Hortensio.**Pet.* Come on, o'God's name; once more towards our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Cath.* The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.*Pet.* I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.*Cath.* I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.*Pet.* Now by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crost and crost; nothing but crost!

*Hor.* Say, as he says, or we shall never go.*Cath.* Forward I pray, since we are come so far, And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon.*Cath.* I know, it is the moon.*Pet.* Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed sun.*Cath.* Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun: But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,

And so it shall be so for Catharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy way; the field is won.*Pet.* Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft, some company is coming here.

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress; where away?

[*To Vincentio.*

Tell

\* Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?  
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—  
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

*Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

\* *Tell me, sweet Kate,*] In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespear, though the rest of that play is far inferior.

“ Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
 “ More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
 “ Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
 “ Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth——  
 “ ——Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman——  
 “ *Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystaline,  
 “ Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;  
 “ As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,  
 “ Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
 “ And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
 “ Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
 “ Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
 “ Uninhabitable as the burning zone,  
 “ With sweet reflections of thy lovely face. POPE.

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakespear. Such, I believe, are, *sardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and especially *uninhabitable*; our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in Rich. II.

*Or any other ground inhabitable.*

These instances may serve as some proofs, that the former play was not the work of Shakespear. STEEVENS.

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:  
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;  
And not a maiden, as, thou say'st he is.

*Cath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes;  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green.  
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father:  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandfire; and withal, make  
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;  
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;  
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father:  
The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.*

*Hor.*



*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow, and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before Lucentio's house.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio walking on one side.*

BIONDELLO.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.  
*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back;  
and then come back to my master as soon as I can.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Gre.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Catharine, Vincentio, and attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,  
My father's bears more towards the market-place;  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not chuse but drink before you go;  
I think, I shall command your welcome here;

<sup>9</sup> —and then come back to my mistress as soon as I can.] The editions all agree in this reading; but what mistress was Biondello to come back to? he must certainly mean; "Nay, faith, sir, I must see you in the church; and then for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my master."  
THEOBALD.

And,

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.

*Gre.* They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

[Pedant looks out of the window.

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none as long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua. Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out of the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain; I believe, he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing Biondello.

*Bion.* I hope, I may chuse, sir.

\* ———to Padua.] The old copies read, —from Pisa.

STEEVENS.

*Vin.*

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*]

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

*Enter below, the Pedant with servants, Baptista, and Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir; nay, what are you, sir? Oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a <sup>2</sup> copatain hat! Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

<sup>2</sup> —a copatain hat,] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See Hearbes, page 154:

*A ceptankt hat made on a Flemish block.*

And again in his epilogue, page 216.

*With high copt hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt.*

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter on the hattes of England, beginning thus:

*Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c.* STEEVENS.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is this man lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man: Why, fir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! oh villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.<sup>3</sup>

*Bap.* You mistake, fir; you mistake, fir; pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad asfs: his name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! oh, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold of him, I charge you, in the duke's name: Oh, my son, my son! tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer: carry this mad knave to the jail: father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail?

*Gre.* Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

<sup>3</sup> ———a sail-maker in Bergamo.] Chapman has a parallel passage in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612.

“ ———he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, “when 'tis well known his grandfire cried coney-skins in Sparta.”

STEEVENS.

*Tra.*



*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio?

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio?

*Bap.* Away with the dotard; to the jail with him!

*Re-enter Biondello with Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd: oh, monstrous villain!

*Bion.* Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.]*

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.]*

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended? where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine?  
While counterfeit supposers blear'd thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio?  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town;  
And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:  
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villian's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to :

But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough ;<sup>4</sup> but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

[*Petruchio and Catharine advancing.*

*Cath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Cath.* What, in the midst of the street ?

*Pet.* What, art thou asham'd of me ?

*Cath.* No, sir, God forbid ! but asham'd to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again : Come, sirrah, let's away.

*Cath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well ? Come, my sweet Kate ;

Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Lucentio's apartments.*

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharine, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. The serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.*

*Luc.* At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree :  
And time it is, when raging war is done,

<sup>4</sup> *My cake is dough.*] This is a proverbial expression which I meet with in the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1598.

“ Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*” STEEVENS.

To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine :  
Brother Petruchio, sister Catharine,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up  
After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense : I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly reply'd,

*Cath.* Mistress, how mean you that ?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me ! how likes Hortensio that ?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended : kiss him for that, good widow.

*Cath.* He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

*Cath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Cath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate !

*Hor.* To her, widow !

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, Mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me ; therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that thou shalt not : since you have begun,

Have at you for a better jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush :  
And then pursue me, as you draw your bow :  
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.*]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, signior Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit her not ;  
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* Oh, sir, Lucentio slipt melike his grey-hound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, <sup>5</sup> but something curriish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself :  
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess ; hath he not hit you there ?

*Pet.* He has a little gall'd me, I confess ;

<sup>5</sup> ——— *swift,*] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of the Clown, *He is very swift and sententious*. *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a nimble disputant*. JOHNSON.



And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think, thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say, no : and therefore for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife ;  
And he, whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content ;——what's the wager ?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match ; 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin ?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. [Exit.

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

How now, what news ?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How ! she's busy, and cannot come !  
Is that an answer ?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too :  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirrah, Biondello, go and intreat my wife to  
come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.

*Pet.* Oh, ho ! intreat her !

Nay, then she needs must come.

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G g

*Hor.*

*Hor.* I am afraid, fir, do what you can,

*Enter Biondello.*

Yours will not be intreated : Now, where's my wife ?

*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;  
She will not come : she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse ; she will not come !

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd :

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress,

Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What ?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

*Enter Catharine.*

*Bap.* Now, by my hollidame, here comes Catharine !

*Cath.* What is your will, fir, that you send for me ?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

*Cath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Catharine.*

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is ; I wonder, what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet  
life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !

The wager thou hast won ; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;

And

And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter Catharine, Bianca, and Widow.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

*[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]*

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*Bian.* Fy! what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too!

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong  
women,

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say, she shall; and first begin with her.

*Cath.* Fy! fy! unknit that threat'ning, unkind  
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance : commits his body  
 To painful labour both by sea and land ;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe ;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband :  
 And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will ;  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?  
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;  
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts ?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :  
 But now, I see, our launces are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare ;  
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
 \* Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench ! Come on, and kiss  
 me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, gothy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha't.

\* *Then vail your stomachs—*] i. e. lower your resentments. STEEV  
*Vin.*



*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are forward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to-bed :

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the <sup>7</sup> white ;  
And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Catharine.*]

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt omnes.\**]

<sup>7</sup> *Though you hit the white.*] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery : the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

\* At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play as follows :

*Enter two servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

*Sly.* [awaking.] *Sim, give's some more wine——what, all the players gone ? am I not a lord ?*

*Tap.* *A lord, with a murrain ? come, art thou drunk still ?*

*Sly.* *Who's this ? Tapster ! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.*

*Tap.* *Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.*

*Sly.* *Will she ? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too if she anger me.*

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakespeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they are necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being neither published in the folio or quarto editions. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakespeare's own ; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision. Mr. Pope is the only person who appears to have met with the old spurious play of the same name. The speech which he has quoted from hence, bears little resemblance, in my opinion, to the style of Shakespeare ; and, if I am not mistaken, exhibits several words, which he has employed in no other of his pieces. It may

may likewise be remarked, that the old copy of this play, dated 1607, from which Mr. Pope inserted such passages as are now degraded, does not appear to have reached the hands of Dr. Warburton, who inherited all the rest which his friend had enumerated. For this copy I have repeatedly advertised, with such offers as might have tempted any indigent owner to have sold it, and, I hope, in such terms as might have procured me the loan of it from those who preserved it only on account of its rarity. It was, however, neither to be bought, borrowed, or heard of. I would therefore, excuse myself for having left such parts out of the text, as I do not believe to be genuine, for the same reason that Bernini declined the task of repairing a famous though mutilated statue, because I am unwilling to unite stucco with Grecian marble.

I must add a few more reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of the Taming the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of King John in two parts, to have been the work of Shakespeare. He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of Hen. V. in which Oldcastle is introduced) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary authors. Shakespeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

From this play the Tatler formed a story, vol. iv. No. 231.

“THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

“A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit) that it continually made great uneasiness in  
the

the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had the day before brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but somewhat positive) manner, desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to shew the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, Child, pr'ythee take up the saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe



observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady; for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; and another, That she would come when the cards were out of her hand; and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, My dear, would you speak with me? He received her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own."

It cannot but seem strange that Shakespeare should be so little known to the author of the *Tatler*, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.









last treated 13 July 1984





